

provinces which she holds under treaties, but to see how the States of the Church, and the temporal power of the Pope, can be administered in such a way as to leave neither Austria nor France a pretext for occupying any part of the Papal territory, we shall be truly glad to see this country giving counsel in the matter, in the hope that "reform" may spread in Italy from the centre to the extremities. And, at any time, we should be glad to know, that, without any intervention properly so called, the statesmen of Great Britain had assisted by their advice to mitigate any undue severity of Austrian administration in the south. These are practical objects, and may lead to practical results of good. But let it be as clearly understood, that, for Sardinia to attack Austria, relying on French support—for France to provoke agitation in Italy, in hopes of an excuse for sending an army there—will be considered by Great Britain as placing these countries out of the list of her friends and allies, and compelling her to draw closer to other Powers, for the sake of the established traditions and arrangements of Europe. We should deeply regret such a necessity, for we believe in the French alliance, and wish it maintained; but our duty is clear. Peace is now the natural condition of the world—to be interrupted only on grounds such as, whether in Pamphlet or Speech, the Emperor of the French fails to bring forward. We wish that we could share in the confidence expressed in its maintenance by some of our contemporaries. But we confess that it seems to us, that a development has taken place of symptom after symptom, ever since the words used to Baron Hubner, which argues something like a design of war from the beginning; and that if peace lasts through the present year, it will show a greater ascendancy of opinion over absolutism than we believe the world yet to have attained.

#### THE PRINCESS FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

THE bulletines issued by Doctors Schoenlein, Wagner, and Martin, attendant on Princess Frederick-William have been discontinued: for the Princess and her child are "quite well." That the "event" afforded great satisfaction in Berlin is shown by every communication from that capital. Workmen and poor women were seen hurrying from the most distant quarters of the city, and even the peasants from the neighbouring villages, to learn how the Princess was progressing; and as for Prince Frederick-William, it is said that he takes little pains to conceal his delight. We are told by our correspondent that he recently declared, in presence of a deputation from the Upper House, "that his child was really the largest and finest he had ever seen, and not at all so ugly as babies of that age usually are." We have already related how the Prince summoned all his household to view the baby, which he presented to them lying in his arms; this week we give our readers a sketch of the interesting scene. Here, too, we must print the Prince's reply, and the congratulations of the Prussian House of Lords. He said:—

"I thank you most heartily, my lords, for the interest you take in an event so important and so fortunate for my family and for the country; and I pray you to express in my name to every member of the Upper House the gratitude which I feel for their good wishes. If God shall spare the life of my son, my great object will be to instil into his mind those sentiments which attach me to my country. It is nearly a year, my lords, since I had an opportunity of evincing how deeply I was touched with the gratifying reception which, at the time of my marriage, I met with in all parts of the country. It was that reception which has in so short a time inspired the Princess, my consort, who has just left her own land, with love and attachment to her new country, sentiments now become unchangeable by the birth of her son. May God bless our efforts to make him worthy of the affectionate interest with which he has so soon been greeted! The Princess, to whom I have made known your congratulations, desires me to offer to you her most affectionate acknowledgments."

Preparations for the baptism of the infant Prince are already a subject of discussion, and the presence of Queen Victoria and her august consort is counted upon. There is a vague talk, too, of the arrival, at the same time, of another crowned head—the Emperor of Russia; but either event is more than doubtful.

THE PUBLIC MUSEUMS OF PRUSSIA were thrown open on Sunday, between twelve and two o'clock. Prussia is the first Protestant State in which this step has been resolved upon.

CURIOUS QUESTION OF SURVIVORSHIP.—In a will case heard last week the testator and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hambling, were the victims of the recent fall of houses at Torquay; the husband was taken out quite dead, while the body of the wife was warm. The question was raised whether it could be safely presumed that the wife survived her husband, as this would cause a variation in the distribution of the property. The Court decided against the supposition.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.—A geographical joke of a rather elaborate kind has been published by Mr. Stanford. It is a large, well-executed map (in French) of Europe in 1860. Looking to Italy, we find that Sardinia receives from the generous geographer the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Legations. The donations and spoils are not, however, confined to Italy. Great Britain acquires the island of Cyprus and the course of the Euphrates, France takes nothing (!), Russia acquires Galicia from Austria, Prussia yields up to Holland and Belgium the left bank of the Rhine, and acquires Hanover, Mecklenburg, Brunswick, and some other small German States. It is a comfort to find that the dispossessed King of Hanover becomes King of Constantinople, driving the Turks entirely out of Europe. The King of Naples gives up Sicily and obtains Tunis; the King of Sweden takes Denmark, and the Emperor of Austria obtains Egypt, Serbia, and Bosnia. There are several other smaller changes, too numerous to be specified, but amongst them all it will be tranquillising to the public mind of Europe to find that the Prince of Schwarzbürg-Rudolstadt "conserve ses limites."

COMPULSORY PREPAYMENT OF INLAND LETTERS.—Inland letters are in future to be returned to the writers unless at least part of the postage be prepaid. "This class of letters is now exceedingly small, consisting chiefly of letters posted heedlessly or for the purpose of annoyance, the latter forming so great a proportion of the whole that many persons whose correspondence is large, in order to escape a serious annoyance, invariably refuse all unpaid inland letters, thus subjecting themselves to the inconvenience of rejecting some few letters which are really important. Under the new arrangement, as the sending of annoying letters will, it is expected, be nearly, if not entirely, suppressed; and as the charge on partially prepaid letters will be reduced to the deficient postage with the addition of the fine of one penny, whatever may be the amount of such deficient postage, few persons, probably, will think it necessary to persist in their refusal of all inland letters charged with postage, and thus the inconvenience above referred to will be avoided."

RICHES AND CONTENT.—The eminent Madrid banker, M. Salamanca, receives at his table, every Thursday, politicians and journalists of the moderate party. To this weekly courtesy twelve journalists recently responded by inviting their opulent host to an entertainment of their own, at one of the modest restaurants of the Spanish capital. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner took place, the cost of the feast being eight reals, or one shilling and ninepence a head. Instead of the basket of flowers usually placed at the centre of the table stood a pyramid of books, surrounded by the busts of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Cervantes and Velasquez. When it came to Salamanca's turn to speak, he made the following noteworthy remarks:—"Gentlemen," said he, "about twenty-five years from this time, the old and threadbare cask of Salamanca, then a student in the University of Granada, might be among the oldest and the most worn-out casks of his comrades. When my education was completed, I proceeded to Malaga and made myself a gacillero (journalist) of the 'Avizor Malagueño.' Then the love of gold took possession of my soul, and it was in Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no more enjoyment. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. Rothschild's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe; but nowhere have I found a statue erected in the memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money. To-day I speak to you with a y feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humour."

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE French Legislative session was opened on Monday in the noble hall in the new Louvre, known by the name of the "Salle des Etats." It was an event interesting to all Europe; for then the great Emperor was to let us know whether we were to have peace or war. His Majesty's address, which really tells us nothing to be depended on, will be found elsewhere in our pages. At first the Emperor's utterances had a favourable effect on the Bourse, but there was a re-action a few hours after, and the rise proved delusive, or very inconsiderable.

A new loan, to be raised by public subscription, is talked of. A whole division has been recalled from Africa. In announcing this order to the troops, General M'Mahon is reported to have said:—"Depart, depart, soldiers! Be brave, disciplined, and steadfast!"

### AUSTRIA.

A VERY large portion of the Austrian army seems to be in movement in the direction of Italy, the troops from Hungary marching into Austria proper, while those from Austria proper are transferred to Italy, Tyrol, Carinthia, and Istria. This shows that Austria entertains but little apprehension of a revolt in Hungary. The Viennese make demonstrations in the theatres in favour of an alliance with Prussia and Germany, and the Princes of the Imperial House, as is said, join openly in these demonstrations. The journals have rather a warlike tone than otherwise.

The semi-official "Austrian Correspondence" ("Oesterreichische Correspondenz") characterises the Emperor Napoleon's speech as peaceful, and states that the alliance of France and England is a guarantee for maintaining treaties.

### RUSSIA.

THE emancipation of the serfs continues its progress, and the obstacles which at first opposed it are gradually disappearing. The commission of Moscow, which hitherto offered a strong resistance to the measure, appears to have changed its opinions. One of the consequences of the emancipation of the peasants will be the necessity for modifying the laws relating to property. Hitherto it has been the nobles alone who could purchase estates on which there were serfs. Independently of the depreciation in value which was the result of that law, the legal prohibition was attended with serious inconvenience to industry.

A Jewish synagogue is to be established in St. Petersburg, where heretofore Jews have only been allowed to reside under very severe restrictions.

### ITALY.

SARDINIA proposes to raise a loan of £2,000,000, as a means of meeting the threatening attitude of Austria, and "for the defence of the country, its honour, liberty, and independence;" such is the ministerial statement of the purpose to which the money is to be applied.

It is reported that negotiations are now pending for a marriage between the King of Sardinia and the sister of the Emperor of Russia, the Grand Duchess Maria Nicolajevna, widow, since 1852, of the Duke of Leuchtenberg.

The King of Naples has fallen ill again. His Majesty is suffering from an attack of pleurisy, which has been imperfectly cured.

It is asserted that the English Government has remonstrated against the insufficiency of the amnesty granted by the Neapolitan Government.

The Austrian troops, which were distributed between the Adda and the Ticino, have been reunited in large masses at the two extremities, Pavia and Plaisance.

### IONIA.

THE Ionian Parliament, after having unanimously declared for union with Greece, passed a resolution to elect a parliamentary committee for the purpose of considering what further measures should be taken. Mr. Gladstone, in consequence, addressed a message to the Parliament, stating that this resolution was contrary to the constitution, and advising that the committee be merely empowered to address a petition to the Queen of Great Britain. The members of the Ionian Parliament have handed over to Mr. Gladstone the address of the committee to the Queen, with the request to lay before the Great Powers their desire for union with Greece.

A letter written by "Athanasios, Metropolitan of Corfu," has been published, for the purpose of vindicating him from the charge of entertaining views contrary to the national feeling. He says he is for the union of the seven islands with their mother, free Greece; and he characterises his opponents as "Septinsular Pharisees."

### THE PRINCIPALITIES.

THE people of Moldavia and Wallachia have practically solved the question of the union by electing the same gentleman, Alexander John Stourza, Hospodar over both countries! It is true that, by the terms of the convention of the 20th of August 1858, two Hospodars were established; but the election proves the desire of the people for union under one ruler; and that in a manner which it will be hard to contend against.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

ANOTHER collision is to be feared between the Montenegrins and the Turks. The former have again made an inroad into the Herzegovina. Great excitement prevailed at Cettinje on New Year's Day, (the 12th January), when the National Assembly, which consisted of 2,000 persons, met. Prince Daniel, who probably feared that his subjects would imitate the Servians, gave money and fair words to the elders of the people, and at last they retired to their homes in peace.

According to advices from the Caucasus, an attempt of the Russians to take the town of Gelendzhik on the Circassian coast, by surprise, has failed.

### AMERICA.

THE proposition to place the sum of 30,000,000 dollars at the disposal of the President to enable him to negotiate for the purchase of Cuba, had been favourably reported upon by the Committees on Foreign Affairs, in both Houses of Congress. The Washington correspondent of the "New York Herald" gives a rumour that the Spanish minister had threatened to demand his passports in the event of the appropriation being made. The general impression was that the bill would pass. A resolution had been offered to the House, contemplating the annexation of the British North American provinces; but that was refused. To conclude, at present, President Buchanan has doubled the offer, previously made to the Danish Government, for the cession to the United States of those of the Antilles Islands belonging to that kingdom.

The centenary of Burns was celebrated with much enthusiasm in America.

The Fraser river was reported open again, and late discoveries had increased the faith in the richness of the gold fields in that region.

THE EMPEROR SOULOUQUE is making head against the insurrection in Hayti, the army remaining steadfast to him.

THE FREEZE ISLANDS have been ceded to the English, on condition that certain claims made by the Americans be settled by the English Government.

A CATHOLIC GRIEVANCE IN SYDNEY.—The Roman Catholics of Sydney have been offended of late by the return to the colony of their unsanctioned bill to establish a Catholic College in connection with the University of Sydney. In this bill the phrases "archbishop" and "archdioceses" of Sydney were used, and the bishop re-anthronized against them, not by petition to the Assembly, but by letter to the governor, and privately by communicating with the high ecclesiastical authorities at home. Lord Stanley sympathised with the objection, and sent the bill back to be amended. Resolutions have been several times brought forward in the Assembly by the Catholic party, strongly condemnatory of Lord Stanley's conduct, but they have been invariably met by a count out.

### THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE following is the Speech delivered by the Emperor of the French on the opening of the Legislative Session of 1859:—

"Messieurs les Sénateurs,"

"Messieurs les Députés,"

"France has, as you are aware, during the last six years, seen her welfare augmented, her riches increase, her internal dissensions die out, her influence restored, and yet there arises at intervals in the midst of the general calm and prosperity a vague anxiety, a hollow agitation, which, without any well-defined cause, possesses itself of certain minds, and shakes public confidence. I deplore these periodical discouragements without being astonished at them. In a society shattered like ours by so many revolutions, time alone can confirm convictions, give renewed vigour to character, and create a political faith."

"The anxiety which has just been produced, without the appearance of imminent dangers, may justly cause surprise, for it gives evidence at the same time of too much distrust and of too much alarm. A doubt seems to have arisen, on the one hand, of the moderation of which I have given so many proofs, and, on the other, of the power of France. Happily, the great mass of the people is far from sharing such impressions as these. To-day it is my duty again to explain to you afresh what it seems to have forgotten."

"What has been constantly my policy? To re-assure Europe, and to restore to France her real rank, to cement strictly our alliance with England, and arrange with the Continental Powers of Europe the degree of my friendship, according to the similarity of our views, and to the nature of their proceedings as regards France. It was thus that on the eve of my third election I made at Bordeaux the declaration, '*L'Empire c'est la paix*;' wishing thereby to prove that if the heir of the Emperor Napoleon re-ascended the throne he would not renew an era of conquests, but would inaugurate a system of peace which could not be disturbed, except for the defence of great national interests."

"As to the alliance of France and England, I have employed all my perseverance to consolidate it, and I have found on the other side of the Channel a fortunate reciprocity of sentiments on the part of the Queen of Great Britain, as well as on the part of statesmen of all opinions. To attain the same end, so useful to the peace of the world, I have on every occasion trampled under foot the irritating remembrances of the past, the attacks of calumny, and even the national prejudices of my country. This alliance has borne its fruits; not only have we acquired together a lasting glory in the East, but again at the extremity of the world we have just thrown open an immense empire to the progress of civilisation and of the Christian religion. Since the conclusion of peace, my relations with the Emperor of Russia have assumed the character of the most frank cordiality, because we have been in accord on all points under dispute. I have equally to congratulate myself on my relations with Prussia, which have never ceased to be animated by mutual good will. The Cabinet of Vienna and mine, on the contrary, I say it with regret, have often found themselves at variance on questions of principle, and a great spirit of conciliation was required to succeed in solving them. Thus, for instance, the re-organisation of the Danubian Principalities could only be effected after numerous difficulties, which have hindered the full satisfaction of their most legitimate desires; and if I were asked what interest France has in those distant countries which the Danube waters, I should reply that the interest of France is everywhere where there is a just and civilising cause to promote."

"In this state of things there is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Piedmont, which had been so devoted during the war, so faithful to our policy during peace. The happy union of my well-beloved cousin Prince Napoleon with the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel is not one of these unusual events for which one must seek some hidden reason, but the natural consequence of the community of interests of the two countries, and of the friendship of the two sovereigns."

"For some time past the state of Italy and her abnormal position, where order cannot be maintained except by foreign troops, has justly disquieted diplomacy. This is, however, not a sufficient motive for believing in war. Let some invoke it with all their hearts, without legitimate reasons; let others, in their exaggerated fears, amuse themselves by showing to France the dangers of a new coalition; I shall remain firm (*inbranlable*) in the path of right and justice, and of the national honour; and my Government will not allow itself either to drift or to fear, because my policy will never be provoking nor pusillanimous. Away, then, with these false alarms, these unjust suspicions, these interested apprehensions! Peace, I hope, will not be disturbed."

"Resume, then, calmly, the usual course of your labours. I have explained to you frankly the state of our foreign relations, and this explanation corresponds with everything which I have endeavoured to make known during the last two months."

"At home as well as abroad you will, I flatter myself, find that my policy has never ceased for one moment to be the same,—firm, but conciliatory. Therefore, I reckon with confidence upon your assent, as well as upon the support of the nation which has intrusted her fate to me. She knows that my actions will never be guided by personal interest or petty ambition."

"He who ascends the steps of a throne supported by the voice and feeling of the people rises up to the discharge of the weightiest of all responsibilities, far above that infamous region where vulgar interests are debated; and the first motives of his actions, as his last judges, are—God, his conscience, and posterity!"

TRADE WITH JAPAN.—A Royal proclamation has appeared in the "Gazette," notifying that, as the treaty with Japan has not yet been ratified, all British subjects must abstain from sending vessels to Japan and attempting to open trade contrary to existing regulations. The proclamation has been issued because her Majesty has learned that certain persons have despatched, or are preparing to despatch, ships to Japan to open trade. Orders have been issued to British men-of-war to assist the Emperor of Japan in preventing any violation of his laws.

A LION AT LARGE.—The Himalaya, screw troop-ship, left Malta on the 21st ult., and Tangiers on the 30th, having proceeded thither to ship a number of presents to her Majesty Queen Victoria from the Emperor of Morocco. Those presents consist of a lion, a leopard, a buffalo, an antelope, ten Arab horses, and six ostriches, together with several cases of valuable shawls, silks, and curiosities. On the way home, the lion, a full-grown animal, burst through his cage-door and speedily cleared the main deck of all living things save himself. The passengers disappeared below, or in some hidden or inaccessible corner, while the crew took refuge in the rigging. The king of the forest (and protom, of the ship also) condescended in his short perambulation to "smell" the buffalo, who was tied up in an adjoining stall. The latter showed fight by making a vigorous but at his majesty, who resented the attack by "flooring" his opponent with one stroke of the paw. At length a rope was thrown over the lion's head, rove through a ring in the deck, and hauled taut. The animal struggled resolutely. However, he was not secured until he had received some heavy blows on the head with a marlingspike.

COOLIE IMMIGRATION INTO JAMAICA.—The Jamaica Legislature have passed an Immigration Bill, by means of which they hope to obtain a supply of coolie labourers to make up for the want of labourers in the island. The Anti-slavery Society, inspired by inland correspondents, are strongly opposed to the bill, and not to the bill alone, but to all immigration to the West Indies. A formidable deputation, headed by three members of Parliament—Mr. Charles Gilpin, General Thompson, and Mr. Arthur Kinnaird—waited on Sir Edward Lytton last week, and presented a memorial against the bill and the system of which it is a part. They object that the planters do not propose to import labourers entirely at their own expense; that the labourers they propose to import will come into competition with native labour; that no effectual provisions have been made for the protection of the imported labourers; that they can only be obtained by fraud, transported with great loss of life; and that they will be slaves when they reach the colony. Sir Edward Lytton said he had not had the memorial five minutes when the deputation arrived, but he would give it his serious consideration. It is understood that the deputation are indignant at the conduct of the Government.

A CASE OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION is reported to have occurred at Boulogne. A washerwoman, very intemperate, had not been seen for some days. They opened the door of her room, and perceived on the floor "a human head half burnt, and at a little distance two feet, with a slight trail of animal charcoal, showing where the body had been."



## NAPOLEONIC IDEAS ON ITALY.

The Emperor's speech has rather thrown his previously-published pamphlet into the shade; at the same time, it made a great sensation, and in tens of thousands, was largely extracted into every journal in Europe, still further destroyed the value of securities, and added to the panic generally.

This imperial grenade is entitled "L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Italie;" and bears the signature of the Emperor's favourite lackey, Morny; but, according to all report, the august hand of Napoleon III. himself was employed in its composition. We give a brief account of the pamphlet:—

Chapter I. commences by saying that the question of Italy is one of those which it is impossible to hush as to sleep, and depicts in warm terms the position which Italy has occupied in the annals of civilisation. "For France to forget her, then, would be ingratitude; for Italy to forget it, would be resignation." We are next told that the Italian question resolves itself into two elements—the revolutionary element, which it condemns, and the national element. Now, revolution would be "powerless, but destructive," while "the national element represents all that is most vital in Italy." This national element, it is said, finds sympathy in Europe—in England especially; and great pains are taken to show that England cannot abandon Italy, after her repeated protests against Austrian domination. Here a despatch of Lord Palmerston's is quoted:—"On the 29th of October, 1848, Lord Palmerston addressed to Lord Ponsonby, ambassador of the Queen of Great Britain at Vienna, a despatch in which he declared that 'there is no chance that Austria can keep, in a useful and permanent manner, Upper Italy, the whole of whose inhabitants are profoundly imbued with an invincible hatred to the Austrian army.'"

The pamphlet then proceeds to inquire "What are the interests of Germany in this question?" the reply to which is, that "it is useless to speak of Austria, interested in maintaining a state of things favourable to her domination." But in 1848-9 an immense majority of Germans made war for the triumph of the Italian cause, and as to Prussia, "which tends to become the head of the Germanic body, she has an immense interest in keeping Austria in check. By becoming her ally she would make herself the accomplice of her own humiliation, and she would thus disown the work of the great Frederick. In a word, the Italian question, reduced to a national interest, disengaged from the revolutionary element, limited and tempered in its pretensions by the moral protectorate of Europe, could have nothing menacing for Germany. Far from it."

The relations of England and Germany to Italy having been settled, we now come to the important question "What does France wish?—Does she wish, as under the Republic and under the First Empire, to reconstitute Europe, to impose herself on her, to change her frontier, to displace the monarchies, to depose kings, to found dynasties? or, rather, does she desire simply to consolidate, to strengthen, the present order in Europe, by applying her power to resolve the difficulties which may menace and endanger it?" Certainly. But we need not be surprised, for the First Napoleon had also a great solicitude for Italian and German nationality. "The campaigns of the revolution, the conquests of the Empire, were then a violent means, an extreme resource of struggle and of propagandism, but they were not a system." The Emperor only made Germany and Italy French to prepare them some day to be German and Italian. Misfortunes surprised him before this object of European equilibrium could be accomplished. . . . The Emperor Napoleon I. thought himself obliged to conquer nationalities, in order to free them. If ever his successor had to defend them, it would be to free them without conquering them."

The position of the Pope is discussed. "The occupation of his territory by French troops is necessary," says the pamphlet. "If it ceased to-day, we should see Austria or the revolution take our place to-morrow." The Pope ought to have regenerated Italy. It was the first inspiration of his mission; but the revolution came, "leaving him no refuge but exile, no safety but the sword of France." As it is, the administrative government of Rome, which is but the Catholic authority applied to the interests of a temporal order, cannot suffice for the protection and development of modern society. The difficulty is to "reconcile the régime of the church, and the régime of the Roman nation," from which at present confusions and abuses arise, "which are only kept in check by the presence of our soldiers." So these régimes must be reconciled: the Pope must be made independent of questions of nationality, of war, of armaments, and internal and external defence; and lastly, a native army should be organised. "This is a threefold necessity, which, under pain of certain and perhaps approaching disturbance, must be satisfied, in the interest of Italy, religion, and all Catholic states."

The position of Piedmont, and the dangers arising from the hostility between that government and the priesthood (in which "reconciliation is not easy") is next discussed. The writer then reviews the condition of the rest of Italy. At Milan insurrection put down but not discouraged; Naples embarrassed and humiliated by Austria; Tuscany garrisoned by Austrian troops; Parma, though not garrisoned, yet bound to Austria by treaties and policy; and the Duke of Modena the admitted lieutenant of Austria. Such is the state of Italy.

Now in June, 1848, France submitted at Vienna an extensive project of reform. She proposed a secularisation of the administrative power by the formation of a Council of State, consisting of laymen, charged to examine the laws; a representation of all Roman interests in a Consultum elected by the Provincial Councils; an efficacious control over local expenses; judicial reform, on the plan of the "Code Napoleon," the "Code Lombardo-Veneto," or that of Naples; a regular levying of taxes on the French system; and, finally, "Reconciliation of all classes and all opinions by the enlightened and paternal exercise of clemency towards all those willing to make respectful submission to the Sovereign Pontiff." But the Austrian Government made immense modifications, and submitted in return a counter-project, where all the guarantees of control proposed by France nearly disappeared.

"What then, is to be done? Must we appeal to force? May Providence ward off from us that extremity. Or must we call upon public opinion? We entertain no hostile feelings towards Austria. The state of affairs in Italy is the sole cause of the difficulties between Austria and France. We therefore ardently desire that diplomacy shall do on the eve of a struggle what it should do on the morrow of a victory. Let Europe energetically unite for this cause of justice and of peace!"

## RAILWAYS IN WAR.

As any agreement for peace the next fortnight may bring is, according to the views even of the most sanguine, to be only "for the present," might not the capitalists of London and Paris advantageously avail themselves of such interval as may be granted to see if some understanding is possible on the treatment of railways in war? Let those who are afflicted with fear, which some recent quotations have shown to prevail, that railway property must be almost annihilated in war, put their views into shape, and try for a remedy. People will never again invest their money in continental lines if it is to be at the mercy of the first potentate who chooses to attack his neighbours or to incite their subjects to insurrection. Happily, the country that has the greatest interest in the satisfactory adjustment of this matter is France. Not only have her people invested largely in the railways of Italy, Austria, Russia, and other countries, but her own works of the kind are more extensive than those elsewhere; and if she is to set the example ofanton destruction, the ultimate penalty of retaliation must fall upon her with double force. Under such incentives the Emperor Napoleon should be foremost to express concurrence in any rational propositions that might be drawn up. Russia has the next interest in the matter, because upon the speedy construction of railways the maintenance of her unwieldy power must greatly depend, and she is still paying for thirty-five millions sterling, which she may utterly forego the hope of raising if she cannot give some guarantee against the results of enrolment such as those which at the present moment she is suspected of fomenting. Austria also has a heavy stake, and that of Piedmont, looking at her relative position and resources, is still more serious. The United Kingdom, from its insular position, is alone free from danger. Under such circumstances, would not each continental Power be glad to join in the recognition of a few general rules that should serve to allay vague distrust? But for the ruinous fluctuations of the past month the argument would scarcely have seemed necessary.—"Times."

THE DEBTS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—While at the close of the long European war in 1815, the public debt of France amounted only to £50,000,000, it had risen, at the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1830, to £177,068,000, and to £213,825,000 under the Republic in 1851. During the subsequent seven years, that is, on the 1st of January, 1858, it had further increased to £336,883,868. The amount of interest, which in 1815 stood at £2,552,304, had increased to £12,453,200 at the commencement of 1858. At the close of the war, in 1815, the funded debt of England stood (on the 5th of January, 1816) at £161,311,941; in 1830 it was reduced to £77,125,192; and in 1851 it was £769,272,502. Including the Russian war loans, it had increased on the 31st of March, 1858, to £779,225,495. On the 5th of January, 1816, the annual charge on the funded debt of England was £30,462,923; and on the 31st of March, 1858, it was £27,495,853. While, therefore, the debt of France had increased during the forty-three years—from 1815 to 1858—by the sum of £286,237,760, and the annual charge by the sum of £9,902,896, the public debt of England had diminished by the sum of £37,066,446, and the annual charge by the sum of £2,966,170.

## INDIA.

THE telegraphic advices from India represent that indelible rebel, Tantia Topee, as still at large, and mischievous. He appears to have been hovering for a time in the neighbourhood of the Odeypore and Gwalior territories, but to have sustained a succession of defeats at the hands of Colonels Benson and Somerset, and afterwards to have fled toward the northern part of Rajpootana, to join his forces to those of Feroze Shah. The latter name will be remembered as that of the son of the King of Delhi, who, with a few chosen chiefs, made a daring dash through a gap in Lord Clyde's line at the beginning of December.

The moment Tantia heard of the raid of Feroze Shah, he seems to have shaped his course so that, if possible, the two might join. This illustrates the facility of communication of intelligence by natives, just as the career of these two worthies illustrates the native capacity for rapid locomotion. Feroze Shah was defeated by Brigadier Napier at Runnode, when Tantia Topee was meditating his plans for meeting him on the Chumbul, taking Pertabgarh, if possible, on his way. His operations were quickened by the march of Major Roche; and though he pressed on, Roche caught him near the Pertabgarh, and drove him headlong towards the Chumbul. Hastening towards Mundisore, he found himself anticipated at that place by Colonel Benson, who had come up from Indore. But here again his activity stood him in good stead; for he got away from Benson, crossed the Chumbul, and was not again within reach until he had arrived at Zerpore, in Holkar's country. Here he was roughly handled, but he fled, as usual, before any fatal damage could be done to him. Feroze Shah was now much nearer to his ally. Pressed by Mayne and Rice of the 25th Bombay Infantry, Feroze Shah had also ridden across the Chumbul towards Tonk. Still in search of him, Tantia Topee went forward. A small force, under Colonel Somerset, was upon his track, and struck a blow at him near Burrad. But re-crossing the Chumbul, he went straight into Jeypore, and there, it is said, the two rebel chiefs met after their strange rambles—one coming from the Doab of the Gogra and Goomtee, the other from the wilds of Rajpootana. Their career cannot hold on much longer. The southern country is barred to them, and a force has moved out from Ajmere to bar the way to Jeypore itself.

There was a doubtful rumour that the Begum had surrendered to Lord Clyde. It was also rumoured that, to save himself from being given up, Nana Sahib had taken refuge in a jungle north-west of Chunda. Lord Clyde had hemmed the rebel body in so closely to the hills, that escape seemed hopeless, unless by the Raptee pass into the Himalayan range, which constitutes at once the border and the country of Nepal on the north-west. The Commander-in-Chief was at Baraich, and the insurgents were lying in mass between him and Churdah, 30 miles north.

Lord Clyde sustained a serious accident on the 26th of December, while engaged in a running fight with the rebels near Nanparha. Whilst riding his favourite charger at full speed over some broken ground his horse came down, throwing his Lordship with great force on the ground, dislocating his shoulder and hurting his face. Medical attendance was almost immediately on the spot, and the limb was put back; but so severe was the shock that his Lordship was unable to ride the next day, and had since been carried in a dhoolie.

The settlement of Oude is progressing most favourably. No less than 277 forts have been demolished, and 133 are being destroyed. As yet only 15 guns have been given up, but 216,379 arms of all sorts have been surrendered. There were not six talookdars of any note holding out. Of these the most important are Beni Madho and Debee Bakhsh of Gondia.

From the Nizam's territory we learn that a body of Rohillas, 2,000 strong, have plundered Adjuntah. Two regiments of Hyderabad cavalry, serving in the valley of the Nerbudda, have been ordered to the Nizam's territory to restore tranquillity.

The Punjab is raised into a separate presidency.

The Maharajah Dheraj (or king) of Nepal held a grand parade of all his troops, in honour of the Queen's assumption of the government of India. At this parade, the Resident was received with the usual honours, and was then conducted by the Maharajah Jung Bahadoor to the centre, where the brothers of the Prime Minister, together with the principal officers, were all drawn up in a line. His Highness, according to a Nepalese custom when paying a military compliment to an absent personage, elevated his sheathed sword above his head, to represent her Most Gracious Majesty; and, having given a short abstract of the proclamation announcing the transfer of government within the Anglo-Indian territories, he directed the officers to explain to their men the purpose for which they were assembled. He then drew his sword, and exclaimed, "Salute the Queen of England!" The trumpet sounded "the present," the troops presented arms, the Prime Minister and officers dropped their swords, and four bands stationed together struck up "God save the Queen." The officers then joined their regiments; the two lines, as above described, faced outwards, and each man, being supplied with ten rounds of blank cartridge, commenced a *feu de joie*. This having ended, a signal was given, and the artillery opened fire in salvos of ten guns each, which continued until 1,000 rounds had been expended.

GENERAL JACOB.—A letter from one of the officers of the Belooch Rifle Brigade says that on hearing of the illness of General Jacob, Mr. Frere said, "if anything happens to that man, not one in ten thousand can ever replace him," and that on hearing of his death Mr. Frere ordered a day of mourning throughout Scinde. General Jacob died of "complete exhaustion," caused by over work. He was only forty-five years old. At his death he was surrounded by his officers, European and native, and hoary old native officers were seen crying like children. He was buried without any pomp, in accordance with his wish. The whole population flocked out to see the procession. The "din and noise made by women tearing their hair and men crying was indescribable." Jacob's heir is the gallant Major Merewether.

OUR INDIAN ARMY.—The Government have notified their intention not to despatch any more cavalry and infantry reinforcements to India until June next, unless any unforeseen circumstances should necessitate their doing so before that period. The number of British troops, belonging to all arms of the service now in India, is close on 100,000 men, and by the month of June next it is calculated that, at least 10,000 additional troops will be ready to be despatched to fill up the vacancies occasioned in the British forces.

THE NAVIGATION OF THE RIVERS OF INDIA.—The mail just arrived from India brings advices of the arrival there of the twelve vessels despatched from Liverpool in August last by the Oriental Inland Steam Company. That such vessels are greatly needed appears very clearly from the whole tenor of the advices from India; and the "Times," in some recent leading articles, has directed public attention to this enterprise as one of the most promising of the present day. The steam vessels at present plying in India, the Indian correspondent of the "Times" states, are paying a dividend of 100 per cent., and a further supply of vessels is anxiously expected. The vessels which the Oriental Inland Steam Company have already in India, and those which it has now in preparation, will do something to alleviate this want; and the Company, we see, has issued intimations that it is about to double its capital. With the subsidy from the Indian Government which it has already secured; with the grants of land and other privileges it has already obtained; with the status it has acquired; the capacity it has manifested, and the intrinsic merits of the undertaking upon which it is engaged, the anticipation of a brilliant future for this company is a pretty safe augury, and we are not, therefore, surprised that it is obtaining so large a share of public attention.

THE LANGUAGES OF INDIA.—A very curious specimen of the written characters of the various languages of India has been presented to the proprietor of Madam Tussaud's gallery, by Julessood Dowlah Bahadur Sheerazee, Aide-de-camp to the King of Oude. It is dated the year of the Hegira, 1275, A.D. 1858. It has been placed in the collection at the request of the donor, in order that the public may have an opportunity of examining it. It consists of six different Asiatic styles of writing, illuminated somewhat in the manner of the missals of the middle ages. The theme is complimentary to the English nation, as will be seen by the subjoined translation:—"As I have visited this far-famed land, and found talent and industry appreciated by the nation thereof, therefore to find I dedicate this specimen of calligraphic art. Friends, remember me in your prayer. Better not fix thy affections on this transitory world, as neither this world nor the riches thereof will benefit thee. Acquire for thyself a good name, which shall endure until the end of time. The above verses, together with the English translation, were exclusively composed and written by me. (Here follows his name). I shall not remain, but my verses will."

## IRELAND.

REMARKABLE METEOR.—A Dublin paper says:—"On the 5th ult., about six p.m., while some gentlemen were driving on an open car in the neighbourhood of Binghamstown-Eriss, county of Mayo, they were overtaken by a severe storm of hail. It continued for about ten or fifteen minutes, and was succeeded by a profound darkness. At this moment a ball of fire, about the size of an orange, and of a dull colour, emitting some sparks, passed rather slowly between two of the party on the off-side of the car, and immediately exploded. All were instantaneously struck blind by the intense brilliancy of the light, and it was some time before they recovered sufficiently to continue on their road. A feeling of numbness and prostration was experienced more or less by each individual, which continued a long time, and the driver was quite unable to hold the reins or see where he was going. A slight hissing sound accompanied this evolution of light, and appeared to proceed from the passage of the meteor through the air. A loud clap of thunder followed, but at a long interval."

RIBBONISM.—We find the following bit of news in the "Meath People," a newspaper supposed to represent the feelings of the Romish clergy of Meath:—"A placard, written with a split pen or small brush, has been found pasted over the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation on the wall of the Court-house, Navan. The following are its contents:—'Men of Meath, beware of English bribery. Be steady and united. £20 for the head of an informer.' It was signed 'A foe to tyranny,' and it was filled up with two pikes, having between them a flag bearing the word 'Liberty.' Since then the police are every night on the watch in the Court-house. This Ribbon 'Foe to tyranny' must be singularly deficient in nous, else he would hardly be so silly as to publish to all the greedy Ribbonmen of Meath that there was such a good thing as 'English bribery' in existence. Why, this was the most effectual way in the world to back the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation."

MR. ELY'S MURDERER.—The most extraordinary stories are afloat relative to Mr. Ely's suspected murderer. He appears several times lately to have been almost in the clutches of the police; but on each occasion to have eluded them by his dexterity and daring. The "Clonmel Chronicle" publishes a letter, dated Dungannon, Feb. 1, which says:—"I have just been speaking with a man who met Delany in this neighbourhood yesterday. The police are all out after him to-day. While I write a messenger has come in to say that the fugitive shot a horse under one of the policemen. Delany first desired him to keep back, but, on the constable persisting in the pursuit, he fired, and the bullet struck the horse which he rode. The fellow seems determined not to give up without a desperate struggle."

RIBBON OUTRAGE IN DONEGAL.—A man named Haggerty bought a house near Letterkenny, about which there was some dispute. Previous to the conclusion of the purchase, he was threatened that if he had anything to do with the house it should be pulled down about his ears. One night last week, a party of some twenty ruffians, armed with crowbars, appeared, sought out Haggerty—who lived in his son's house, next door to the new purchase—beat him, threw him into the street with his son's children, and then set to work to pull the house down, which they accomplished without interference from the neighbours. The ruffians afterwards discovered that they had demolished the wrong house.

## THE PROVINCES.

THE NORTHERLAND FISHERMEN enrolled as Naval Coast-guard Volunteers are undergoing twenty-one days' drill aboard the Spanker gun boat, in Shields harbour. They are a fine stout body of young fellows, and are making satisfactory progress.

A MAGISTRATE UNDER FIRE.—Mr. Foord, a justice of the peace, found himself in a disagreeable and somewhat perilous position the other day, in crossing the ground at Tom All-Alone's, Chatham, used for musketry practice. The officer in command stopped the firing at first, but it recommenced before Mr. Foord had got out of range, and the worthy magistrate was compelled to seek safety by lying flat on the ground until the practice was over. He was not released from his danger until he had spent more than half an hour in listening to the bullets whizzing over his head.

REFORM AGITATION IN THE PROVINCES.—The Northern Reform Association has been actively engaged in agitating in favour of a Radical measure of Reform in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. In connection with the Union, petitions praying for manhood suffrage and the ballot have been extensively signed in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gateshead, Sunderland, Blyth, Middlesboro', Stockton, Hartlepool, Darlington, North Shields, South Shields, Hexham, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Alnwick, and other towns.

WALKING OUT OF JAIL.—At Birkenhead, two men, dressed like superior officers of a merchant ship, who were going about with a begging letter, were apprehended and lodged in Bridewell. They gave their names as Clifford and Johnson. Clifford was put in a cell along with another man, and the bridewell-keeper, on taking that man to the night cell, left the key in the lock of the cell-door. The small wicket door was open, and Clifford, by putting his hand through it, was enabled to turn the key in the lock. Having done so, he coolly opened three other doors and walked out into the street.

POACHING AFFRAY.—On Saturday, the 22nd ult., Mason and Earley, keepers on the estate of Mr. Palmer, M.P., at Woodley, Sonning, heard the report of a gun and followed the sound. Presently they came up with two men, one of whom was carrying a gun, and the other a pheasant. Mason attempted to seize one of them (Nash), when he took the stock of the gun and his fellow-poacher the barrel, and beat Mason till they left him insensible, and apparently dead. The poachers then decamped; and Earley, with considerable difficulty, managed to get Mason to his home. For several days he was in a very precarious state. Meantime the poachers were discovered; and last week they were committed for trial.

A GOVERNMENT "AGENT."—A man dressed in a laced uniform, called at the Haunch of Venison Inn, Maidstone, on Friday (the 4th), and represented to the proprietor that he was an officer in the service of the Government, and required beds for twelve men and one for himself; he had been sent down by the Secretary of State to take charge of the county prison. He had already been to the jail, had clapped the governor under arrest, and had left his men there. One of the best beds in the inn was placed at the disposal of the official, and he was treated with all the respect and attention which a person of such authority deserved. The gentleman made no secret of his mission, but next day spoke of it openly at the "ordinary," going minutely into details. So, as may be supposed, the business soon got noised abroad; and coming to the knowledge of Mr. Hillyard, the governor of the jail, he went down to the inn, to inquire after the distinguished stranger. But by this time he was figuring in the character of "a drunk and incapable" in the hands of a police-constable; and it presently turned out that his name was Donnelly; and that he had been employed as a warder in the convict establishment at Brompton. When asked for an explanation of his conduct, he said he was sorry for what had occurred, which was attributable to a blow he had received while in the Crimea. He was discharged, after having pawned his watch to pay the innkeeper.

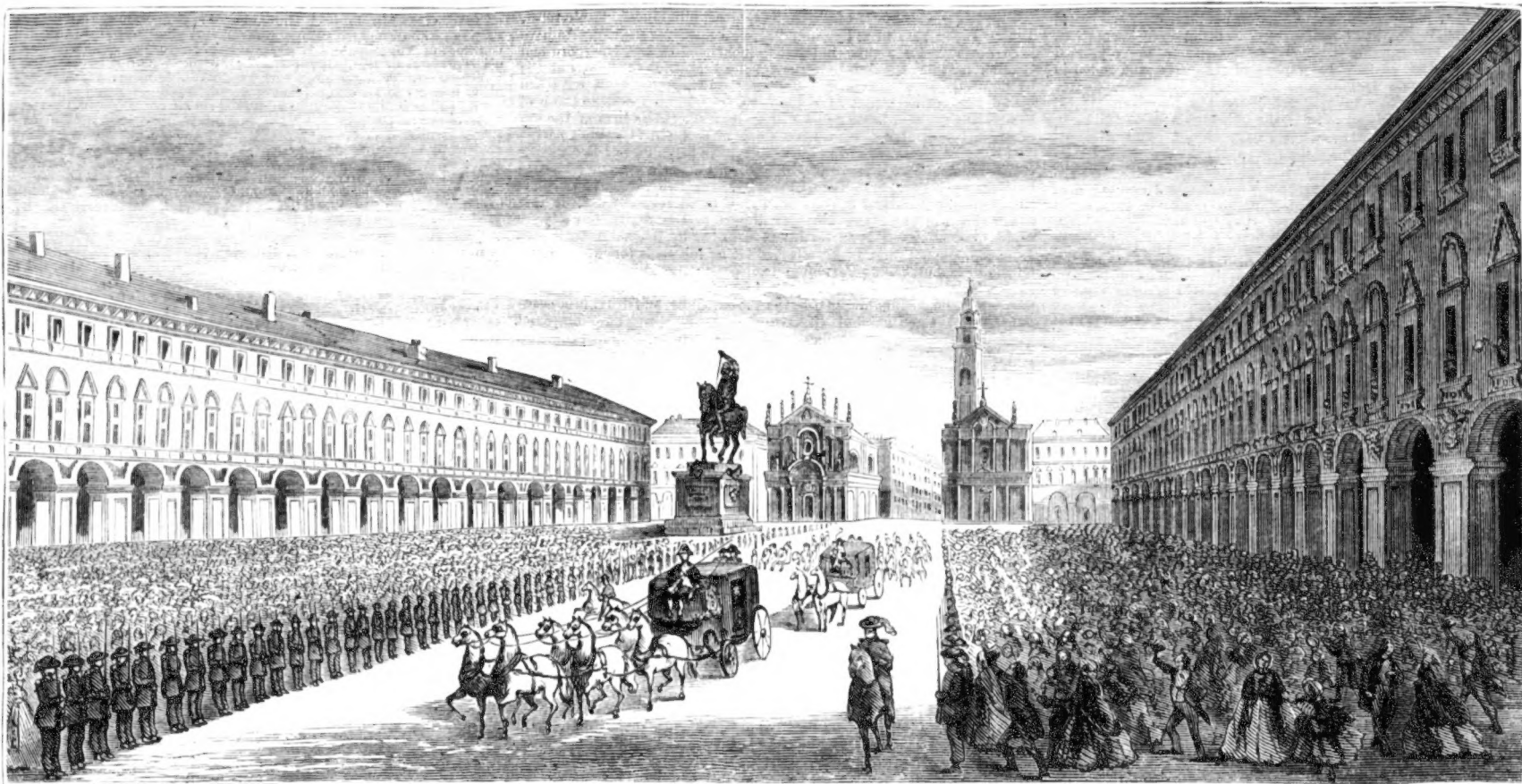
UNFORTUNATE EMIGRANTS.—On the 6th of November some Irish emigrants sailed from Liverpool in the Jane Foster. After being at sea for forty-nine days, they were landed at Queenstown and sent back to Liverpool. They were next put on board the Isaac Wright, which caught fire on the very night she ought to have sailed. They were again placed on board the Isaac Webb, which returned to port again last week, after being twenty-four days at sea.

SIR J. W. CODRINGTON, RESIGNED.—On Saturday, Sir J. W. Codrington addressed his constituents at Greenwich, amidst an enormous uproar, varied by a "scrimmage" on the platform. At the close of the proceedings the general astonished the meeting by announcing that it was his intention to retire from the representation of the borough, as he had accepted a foreign appointment. The appointment is understood to be the Governorship of Gibraltar. The reputable borough of Greenwich will, therefore, become the arena of a double contest.

## PRINCE NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE.

We are enabled to offer to our readers some illustrations connected with Prince Napoleon's matrimonial trip to Piedmont. On the arrival of the bridegroom at the Turin railway station, he was met by the Prince de Carignan, with whom he mounted into a state carriage, which was waiting to convey him to the palace. A double line of Chasseurs kept the ground throughout the route, and they barely sufficed to restrain the dense crowd of curious spectators. Our sketch was taken as the procession crossed the Piazza San Carlo, one of the finest squares in Turin. The next engraving illustrates the reception, by Count Cavour, of the Prince on his visit to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Though great deference and much courtesy was shown to his Imperial Highness in official circles, we are bound to state but slight demonstrations of enthusiasm could be perceived amongst the people. Indeed these latter seemed to view the whole matter with distaste, and appeared to look upon the marriage as a *mésalliance*, in the fullest sense of the word. However, this was a case in which no effectual objections could be urged; the ceremony took place much sooner than was ex-





ENTRY OF PRINCE NAPOLEON INTO TURIN: THE PIAZZA SAN CARLO.

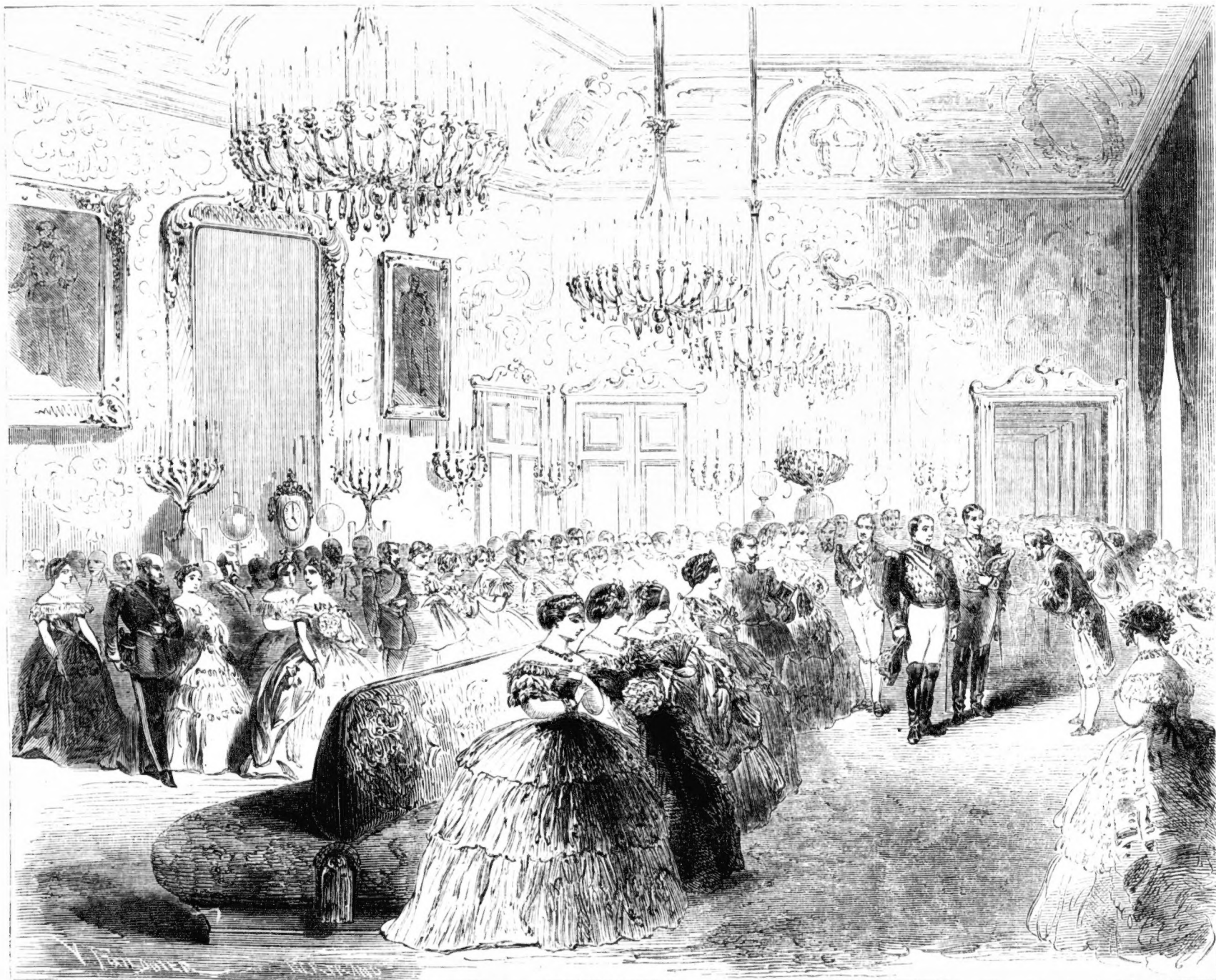
ected; and thereupon followed the customary illuminations, balls, and other festivities. By-the-bye, it is rather amusing to note the contrasts between the ideas and usages of different countries. Fancy a young lady in England, married on Sunday morning, going to the theatre on Sunday evening, and to a ball on the Monday night!

After a short stay at Genoa, the newly-married couple embarked for Marseilles, escorted by a squadron of honour, composed of French men-of-war. A hasty journey, with but one pause at Fontainebleau, was

thence made to Paris, where the Prince and Princess arrived on Friday, the 4th inst.

The reception given to them in the French capital cannot be said to have been very cordial; though independently of any feeling towards the Prince himself, it may be wondered at that in an assemblage of Frenchmen of every class, the presence of a young and attractive lady did not produce some external mark of respect. Her tender years, her countenance, serious if not sad, the fatigue depicted on her features,

hurried by sea and land from Turin to Paris, her strange position—all might well give her a claim to more than sympathy. The truth is, it is not from anything like dislike to the Princess Clotilde that she and her husband were received so coldly, but from the feeling that this alliance is merely the equivalent paid by Victor Emmanuel for French aid in the pursuit of certain schemes. However, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel was spoken of with a sort of sympathy; and though no cries were uttered, the disapproving silence meant no disrespect to her



RECEPTION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON BY COUNT CAVOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE SARDINIAN CABINET.]





THE CAFFARELLI PALACE AT ROME, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BLASCHNIK.)

#### THE CAFFARELLI PALACE, ROME.

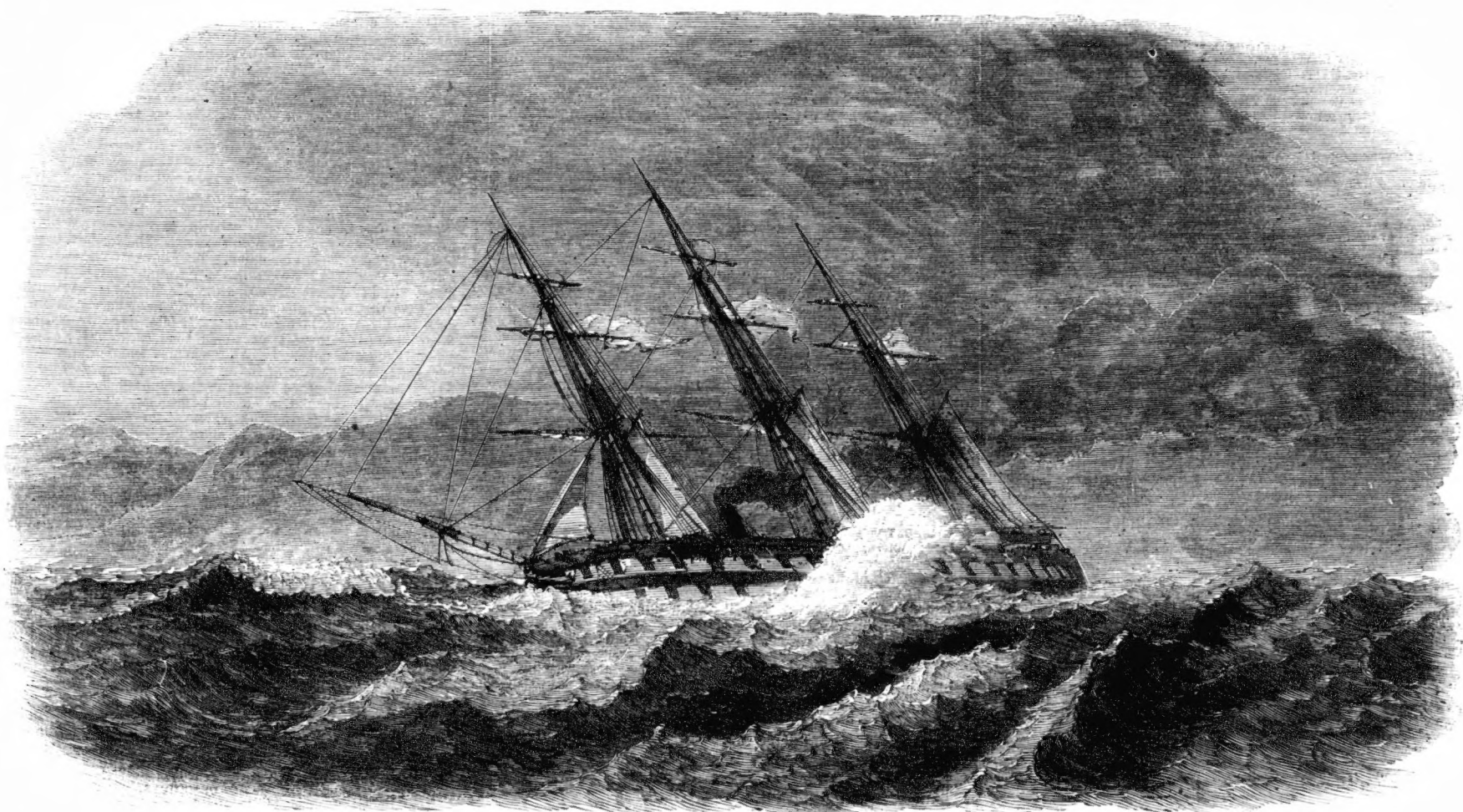
BUT little or no improvement has manifested itself in the state of the King of Prussia's health since his residence in Rome, though we are told occasionally that his Majesty is decidedly better. In fact, if we were inclined to believe all the *cancans* that are circulated about the Royal patient, we should say there appears very slight chance indeed of his ultimate recovery. One of the scandals related of his Majesty, is

from the pen of a Florentine correspondent of the "New York Tribune." It is this:—

"The King of Prussia, on one occasion, deliberately washed his face in the soup, and then sat complacently smiling on his friends, the long strings of vermicelli hanging down over his eyes and nose, and in his hair and moustache. You may imagine the effect. No one dared to laugh, however, and they had to sit out the dinner with this ridiculous

figurehead, covered with gravy—for he sternly refused towels—talking to them all the while."

The palace at Rome in which the King resides, was built in the 16th century by the Dukes of Caffarelli, and appears never to have been properly completed. It has, however, subsequently been made habitable at the expense of its architectural beauty. It is surrounded by charming grounds, studded with groves of orange and lemon trees.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL STEAM-SHIP IN A STORM OFF CANDIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD.)



## THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN A STORM OFF THE ISLAND OF CANDIA.

On the night of the 19th and morning of the 20th of December, the *Princess Royal*, while on her passage from Malta to Suda Bay, in the island of Candia, was caught in a violent storm off the island. It was about eleven o'clock on the night of the 19th ult., when the weather first put on a threatening appearance, the ship being at that time in the Bight of Canea, between the Capes Spada and Maleka, under treble-reefed topsails, foretopmast staysail, and main and mizen trysails. About twelve p.m. a tremendous squall came on from the northward, during which her three topsails were torn to pieces; and on account of the violence of the wind, the topgallant yards (as shown in the sketch) were unable to be sent down.

Finding the ship setting bodily on shore, and no possibility of carrying sail, from the extreme violence of the wind, steam was got up with full speed.

About three a.m. a heavy sea struck the ship on the port beam, washing a spare mizen-topmast yard away from the main-chains, and at the same time the port main-chains were started, and the port gangway stove. However, at four o'clock, by the aid of steam, and storm trysail and fore-staysail, the ship weathered Cape Maleka by two or two and a half miles, and brought up in Suda Bay about 11 o'clock, the weather at the time being very squally, with rain and sleet.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat for only a few minutes on Friday. Little was done, save to listen to her Majesty's reply, thanking their Lordships for their address.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HOST AT MALTA.

In the Commons on Friday, Sir Andrew Agnew asked the Secretary of State for War whether a garrison order had been issued at Malta to the effect that all guards and sentries were to present arms to and salute the Host whenever it may pass their respective posts; whether her Majesty's Government had sanctioned this order, or were prepared to allow a similar one to be enforced in any British dependency?

Gen. Peel stated, in answer, that he could find no trace of any such order having been issued. The only order in existence was the one issued by Lord Hill, in 1837, of which there had been no complaint.

INDIA.

Lord Stanley intimated that on Monday he would call attention to the state of Indian finance; upon which,

Mr. HADFIELD expressed a hope that the public works in India would be continued, and that especial attention should be bestowed on cotton cultivation.

Several notices of bills were given.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

The Lord Chancellor introduced the Government measure for effecting an alteration in the law of debtor and creditor. In this bill it is proposed to fuse the Bankruptcy and Insolvent Courts into one tribunal, dispensing at last, though not immediately, with the services of the Insolvent Commissioners; to abolish imprisonment for debt altogether, except in a few extreme cases; to do away to a great extent with the distinction which at present exists between traders and non-traders, and to place the insolvent on the same footing as the bankrupt with regard to property acquired after his insolvency. The Lord Chancellor called attention to the fact that this was a measure to amend the law of debtor and creditor, and not an attempt to consolidate the law in that respect. Where the amendments were so large it had been thought better by the Government to amend first and to consolidate afterwards.

This bill was read a first time, and the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE GOVERNMENT REFORM BILL.

Mr. DUNCOMBE asked whether the Government would be prepared to introduce their Reform Bill within the present month?

Mr. DISRAELI said he hoped, not only to take the opinion of the House on the second reading of the bill, but to make some progress in committee, before Easter. But some affairs affecting the navy and Indian finance were very urgent, and must first be disposed of.

PAUL, STRAHAN, AND CO.

In answer to a question put by Mr. Sheridan, whether it was intended to pardon Sir John Dean Paul and Mr. Strahan?

Mr. WALPOLE replied that he would much rather not have entered upon so painful a subject. These unfortunate gentlemen were convicted under a law, the full penalty of which had not been inflicted. Parliament had since mitigated the penalty attached to offences such as they were charged with; but there was no precedent for remitting punishment under these circumstances. He had consulted the highest judicial authority in criminal matters, and was strongly advised against establishing such a precedent, and he must abide by the rule of making no distinction between rich and poor.

OCCASIONAL SERVICES.

On Mr. Walpole moving the second reading of the Occasional Forms of Prayers Bill, Mr. HADFIELD urged the necessity of a general revision of the Prayer-book. Mr. NEWDEGATE, on the other hand, wished time for the consideration of the bill. Mr. ROEBUCK scouted the idea of delay. Mr. WALPOLE explained that it was not proposed to alter the Prayer-book, but only the occasional services appended to it.

SUPERANNUATIONS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend the law concerning superannuations and other allowances to persons having held civil offices in the public service.

NEW BILLS.

Mr. WHITEHEAD and Lord NAAS introduced bills affecting the transfer of land, the treatment of lunatics, the regulation of markets, and other branches of the law of Ireland, all of which were read a first time. Mr. HADFIELD obtained leave to introduce a bill for the better management of highways in England; and Sir R. FRANKLIN introduced a measure to facilitate internal communication in Ireland by means of tramroads or tramways.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

IMMIGRATION INTO JAMAICA.

Lord BROUGHAM asked whether the Royal assent had been given to the Jamaica Immigration Act. He believed that some of its provisions were hostile to the independence and security of the working classes, and tended directly to encourage the slave trade.

Lord CARNARVON said the act would be recommended to her Majesty for confirmation. The measure, he contended, was neither objectionable nor new. The present bill would merely extend to Jamaica the application of a principle adopted with the best effect in other West India colonies.

After some further discussion, in which Lord Brougham, Earl Grey, the Earl of Arlisle, and other peers participated, the subject dropped, and the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In reply to Sir H. Willoughby, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square, commonly called the National Gallery, would speedily be appropriated for the reception of the national collection of paintings. The members of the Royal Academy intended to erect a fitting edifice for their purposes with their own funds, but upon a site which the Government designed to ask the permission of Parliament to offer them. As Marlborough House was required for the Prince of Wales, the Vernon, Turner, and Sheepshanks collections would be temporarily removed to a gallery now in course of erection at Kensington Gore.

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

Replying to Sir G. C. Lewis, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that Exchequer Bills to the amount of £7,600,000 had recently been funded. The operation was designed to relieve the market from a vast amount of floating securities which had been created during the war.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

Viscount BURY moved for leave to bring in a bill to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

The motion was opposed by Mr. B. HOPE, but on a division there appeared:—For the motion, 155; against, 85; majority, 70.

BILLS, VARIOUS.

Sir J. TRELAWNY obtained leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of church rates.

Leave was given to the Home Secretary to introduce a bill regulating the keeping and sale of poisons.

Mr. ALCOCK obtained leave to bring in a bill for the voluntary commutation of church-rates, and

Mr. COLLINS, for a bill assimilating the time of proceeding to election and polling in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for vacating seats by bankrupt members of the House of Commons, and other election purposes.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

No business of public interest was transacted in the House of Commons on Wednesday.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Law of Property and Trustees Relief Amendment Bill passed through committee.

The Lord Chancellor called attention to the Public Companies' Wind-up Acts, and had on the table, after some explanation, a bill by which those statutes were amended and consolidated.

The bill was read a first time, and their Lordships adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

New writs were moved for East Worcestershire, in the room of Colonel Rushout; for the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the room of Lord Goderich; and for Hythe, in the room of Sir J. Ramsden.

Mr. T. HANKEY having inquired whether there was any truth in the statement, which had appeared in a morning paper, that the Government intended to alter and equalise the sugar duties,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied the assertion in toto. It was, he said, utterly without foundation.

Lord NAAS obtained leave to bring in a bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to county prisons in Ireland.

Mr. CROSS obtained leave to introduce a bill amending the law relating to municipal elections.

Mr. L. KING, in moving for some returns respecting the Statute Law Commission, complained of the slow progress that had been effected towards consolidating the code, urging that the results hitherto achieved by the Commissioners had not repaid their cost.

The Home Secretary concurred in the opinions expressed regarding the Statute Law Commissioners, whose operations, he remarked, the Government was considering whether they ought not to suspend for the present.

The House adjourned at a quarter to six o'clock.

PIEDMONT AND AUSTRIA.

The following is a summary of the speech of Count Cavour on the occasion of the debate concerning the project of the new loan. He said:—

"Our consistent policy has been at all times national and never of a revolutionary character. Austria has lately taken a menacing attitude towards us. It has increased its military forces at Piacenza. It has collected very large forces at our frontiers. Therefore the necessity arises for us to look for means for the defence of the State.

"The English alliance has always been the constant care of our whole political life. We have always considered England as the impregnable asylum of liberty.

"The cries of suffering coming from Bologna and Naples arrive still at the borders of the Thames, but the tears and groans of Milan are intercepted by the Alps and the Austrians; but the cause of liberty, of justice, and of civilisation triumphs always.

"As regards England, Lord Derby will not tarnish his glory in making himself an accomplice of those who wish to condemn the Italians to eternal servitude. Our policy is not defiant; we will not excite to war; neither will we lower our voice when Austria arms herself and threatens us."

The project of the loan was ultimately voted by 116 against 35.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The reply of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain had arrived. It declines to agree to the petition of the Ionian Parliament. Mr. Gladstone had addressed another message to the Parliament, insisting upon projects of reform in seventeen points. The Parliament had postponed its reply.

TURKEY AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.

The news of the election of A. Stourdza as Hospodar of Wallachia has caused a great sensation at Constantinople. The "Presse d'Orient" says that the Porte will protest against the elections in Wallachia, and has communicated to the embassies its demand for the re-assembling of the Conference on the Principalities.

The "Journal de Constantinople" states that troops will be immediately sent to the Danube.

SERVIA.

In the sitting of the Skupstschina, on February 9, the berat of investiture of Prince Milosh was read. It states that the Prince is elected by the Sultan as Hospodar, but makes no mention of any hereditary right. The Skupstschina protested energetically against it as a violation of popular rights.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 86.

THE GATHERING—THE MINISTRY.

The war has scarcely begun. We are at present engaged in preliminaries—getting the forces arranged, and the guns into position. Meanwhile, we have to report that the members of the House generally come up uncommonly well this session. They present a very different appearance to that which they presented at the close of the last; ashy pale, haggard, and beaten out, most of them looked then—but now, they come up strong, active, and tanned by exposure in the country fields, on the sea, and near its shore. Mr. Disraeli was one of the first in the House. He walked immediately after the Speaker when he went to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's Speech. The Right Honourable Gentleman has undergone but little change; his colour warranted not to start or change. He is the same as he ever was, excepting, of course, that, like us all, he gets older; but in form and feature he looks much as he did ten years ago; perhaps his "corkscrew curls" are not quite so stiff in curl, and his hair generally not so luxuriant as it was; but from day to day, or from session to session, we see little difference in him. It is only when you conjure up his form from the long past, when he was the young and ardent aspirant for parliamentary fame, that you can discern a change. We never see the Right Honourable Gentleman walk up the House, so solemn and slow, with eyes upon the ground, but we feel that there is something strangely weird about him. He looks to us unlike "an inhabitant of the earth, and yet is on't." Sir John Pakington, our first Lord of the Admiralty, is in his place, and shows no marks of change. From glossy hair to shiny boots he is the same—looking as if he had never been unclothed since we saw him last. When the Right Honourable Baronet was first appointed to the Admiralty in 1852, "the great Duke" exclaimed, "Sir John Pakington! I never heard of the gentleman;" and but few people did know "the gentleman" then, but now we have to report that within a certain circle Sir John is well-known as a most courteous gentleman, and one of the best men of business as First Lord that ever stepped into the official bureau, assiduous in the performance of his duties—approachable and courteous, and kind and considerate to all who are under him. "Old Henley," tough as leather, has apparently lost nothing of his toughness, and could, if he would, make as long speeches as he used to do when he sat in opposition—but he won't, for he is in office now, and his policy is, and well does he know it—not by talking to tempt debate. There is no more astute, sagacious old gentleman in the House than the Right Honourable Joseph Henley. My Lord Stanley has stuck to his family motto, "Sans changer;" pale and thin, and thoughtful, he stands there at the table, just as he stood six months ago. His Lordship has had no time for relaxation, for he has had the Indian constitution to launch during the recess, and if report speaks truly, the Noble Lord's labours in that direction have been Herculean at the India House in Leadenhall Street, making that venerable building, which has always been noted for light labours and high pay, and luxurious indulgence, a mere work-house, to the great disgust of all the old officials there. We have often met the Noble Lord posting to the City on foot from St. James's

Square, as early as ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Walpole the Home Secretary's good-natured face shines radiant as ever. Sir Edward, &c. &c. Bulwer-Lytton, is in his place, rough and unkempt as usual, wishing, no doubt, that the realities of the world could be managed as easily as the characters and situations of a novel. But "facts are chiefs that winna ding;" and "what will he do with it?" is a question easier to answer in a fiction than in the hard and real world, as he has already discovered in the Ionian matter, and will still further discover, when the septinsular question comes to be discussed in the House. If Sir Edward had had to work out the Ionian business in the pages of "Blackwood" now, how dramatically would he have done it! For there are not wanting materials which, in his skillful and practised hands, could have been moulded into an exciting and interesting story. For instance, he might have shown the islanders in a most distressing state of discontent; traced up this discontent from its beginning; showed how it was excited by Greek emissaries and other cunning and ambitious people, and not sufficiently discouraged by Sir Henry Young; introduced with great effect the incident of the stolen despatch; hanged the thief; disgraced the writer; brought matters to a *nodus*; come forward himself as the *deus ex machina*; and then wound up the whole by a magnificent denouement and final tableau—Sir Edward introducing Mr. Gladstone, whose extraordinary eloquence having brought back the Ionians as if by magic to their allegiance, they crown the Colonial Secretary and the great orator with laurel amidst tremendous cheers, the roaring of cannon, and "God save the Queen." But, alas! the actual world is not a ductile, plastic fiction, but a hard, stubborn, uncompromising fact, as Sir Edward has doubtless found ere this. We have not space or time to say much about the other members of the Government. Major-General Peel, our sturdy Secretary for War—sturdy, but urbane—is at his post, ready to answer any question and do anything—in reason. And my Lord John Manners is here also. He has succeeded during the session in getting the Metropolitan Board of Works to do something—or rather to prepare to begin to do something; which, all things considered, is something to have done.

THE WHIGS.

Lord Palmerston made his appearance in the House on the opening day early. He walks not as he used to do, but not worse than he did last session. When he was in France, a French correspondent of a London paper described his Lordship's appearance, spoke of his elegant attire, and specially of his *tight* (sic!) and polished boots, which description proves that "Our own Correspondent" had not seen his Lordship; for it is many years since the Noble Lord wore tight boots, the very thought of such things would make him wince, as if a dentist's "key" were in his mouth. Ease and not appearance is the question now with his Lordship's bootmaker; breadth and flexibility, so that there be no impingement to provoke the "pains arthritic which infest the toes." His Lordship, however, has happily escaped the gout this vacation, and comes up to his parliamentary duties wonderfully fresh and lively for his age. Lord John Russell seems to grow young again, and gets fat—we have not seen his Lordship look so well for years. Sir Charles Wood, our late "First Lord," is thin, lithe, and tough as ever. Sir George Grey is two or three shades darker, but otherwise not changed. Sir George Cornewall Lewis does not hunt or shoot, we opine, but spends his vacation mainly in his study—at least so we judge from his appearance. Solemn, slow, and pale, is our elephantine late Chancellor, as ever. There was really some notion of making Sir George leader of the Whig party, we find; and if the Whig party were in a position to need a leader, perhaps some attempt might be made to install Sir George as the chief, but it is not. In fact there is but little of this party left, and if any attempt were to be made to re-organise it, the result would be a small band of officers but no soldiers. Sir Richard Bethell must have been larking in the country, for that dark shade was certainly not contracted in chambers. Mr. Robert Lowe never changes—his hair and face are as white as they were when he was born, and no whiter: at the tropics or the poles he would be the same. Sir William Hayter is here, but has nothing to do; he seems to have resigned his whip in despair. Last year he had a staff of messengers at his call, but this year he has none. Rumour will have it that there is to be an alliance formed between the Whigs and Conservatives, that there is already an understanding between the parties, and there are not wanting "signs of the times" in the shape of certain amenities and courtesies and consultations which point to such an alliance, but at present we imagine all this is nothing more than the shadow of coming events. That such an alliance will take place, we hold to be certain and inevitable, but not yet. The pressure from the Radical party must become more severe before the thought, "so hard to shape in fact," can be realised.

THE RADICALS.

And now a word or two about the extreme left. Bright is—"bright as the morning star." He was early in the House on the second night, but on the first we rather think he did not show; and, of course, he was not present at the opening of Parliament. The pomp and circumstance and ceremonial—the gold-trimmed robes of the Speaker, the marchings and bowings of the Usher of the Black Rod, and all the gilded bravery of the hereditary House—have no attractions for him. But on the second night he came in and took his usual position, just below the gangway on the second bench from the floor, with Lord John Russell and Mr. Roebuck just below him, and Mr. Milner Gibson, his old colleague, by his side. And we have to report that the Honourable Member for Birmingham looks remarkably well. The traces of his formidable disease are gone, and there are no signs of distress from his late arduous labours in "the cause of Reform." But if he had a doubt about the question, he will now be perfectly satisfied that he won't carry his Bill. Whigs and Tories will oppose him—that he of course knew; but many of the Radicals are undecided, "damned with faint praise," and are clearly waiting to see which way the wind will blow—and that, perhaps, he didn't expect. The Radicals in the House were never very famous for union. They have always, even when they acted together, been "a concourse of fortuitous atoms," rather than a party. And they have not changed. Mr. Bright is not their leader—nor have they one. Among them there is no king; "but every man does what is right in his own eyes." This is easily explained. In every other party there is a common bond of interest: amongst the Radicals there is none. Unlike the Whigs and Tories, they have no hope of office, nor fear of losing it—those strongest of all political forces to amalgamate a party. "You have no leader," said a Whig official once to a Radical member, "and never had." "Well, you know," was the reply, "we don't want one. We have not the promised land of office flowing with milk and honey before us; show us that, and we would soon find a leader to take us across the desert." Mr. Milner Gibson has returned to his duties—strong, ready, and capable to give efficient support to his friend by his side. Sir John Trelawney has already given notice that he shall, at an early day, open fire against Church-rates. Mr. Dillwyn comes armed with a bill to empower the managers of grammar schools to abolish tests in all cases where the deeds of gifts, &c., have not made such tests imperative. Charles Gilpin is in his accustomed position (very near Mr. Bright); the silvery hair of the veteran William Johnson Fox shines conspicuous on the back benches; and the bearded visage of Mr. Conyngham may be seen in front; but there are marks of distress on that face which we are sorry to see, and still more are we sorry for the cause. The Hon. Member for Brighton has had a distressing family bereavement; he has lost a daughter—his only daughter, we hear. And here we may mention that Mr. Fitzroy, the Chairman of Ways and Means, has also undergone a severe blow during the vacation—the "insatiate archer" has struck down his only son. There is a mournful touch of nature that makes the whole world kin in these domestic sorrows, which reminds us, amidst all this bustle and confusion—these parliamentary honours and ambitions—that "a man's a man for a' that."

THE NONDESCRIPTS.

Opposite sit some members who belong to no political category. There is Mr. Drummond, ripe with wise sayings and eccentricities.



The Member for West Surrey looks well for his years. Sir James Graham, just above him, has taken a fresh lease. Two sessions ago he showed signs of decay; but this year he is hale, hearty, and buoyant, and as capable for work as ever. Sixty-seven is the Right Honourable Gentleman's age—hard upon three-score-and-ten—the ancient limit, which, however, has certainly been extended in favour of modern statesmen. Mr. Sydney Herbert used to sit close to Sir James, but lately he has had no fixed position. He seems to be uncertain whether he should go over to his friend Cardwell, or keep on the Conservative side. Mr. Newdegate has taken his position below the gangway; from which we are, we suppose, to understand that the present Government has not his entire confidence. Mr. Newdegate is a thorough Conservative; concession, meeting the times, going with the spirit of the age, &c. &c.—find no favour with him. Gladstone is not now a member of the House. When appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands he was obliged to vacate his seat; but the writ is moved, he is to be re-elected; and when he has settled that little matter in the Mediterranean, we shall again see him under the lee of the bulky "knight of Netherby," and again hear him, and hear him again, we hope.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

### THE GREAT NAVAL QUESTIONS.

ONLY one domestic topic has the least pretension to rank in interest with the Reform question at present. That topic is the condition of the Navy, which will be before us in many shapes immediately, and for the discussion of which we wish to prepare our readers in good time.

The fact appears to be undoubted, that we have not made the proportionate advance that other nations have in our naval development. We don't believe that there is any positive inferiority in the number of ships, &c., at our disposal compared with France—while America has a mere handful, and is not to be thought of from that point of view; but if we consider our old superiority to France, and the comparatively greater consequence to us of a Navy, and also the different conditions under which the two Powers man their vessels, then we shall find that our progress has not been what it ought to be. For all modern changes, instead of superseding the necessity of a competent Navy to Great Britain, have in reality made it more absolutely needful than ever; while, by innovating on old methods of building, and by draining away our seamen for commercial purposes, they have increased the expense of the service, and interfered with its efficiency at the same time.

We are prepared for an increased expenditure, because improvements are constantly being made in the means of naval war, and because the whole system of steam vessels, with their machinery and coals, is inevitably of a most expensive character. But it would be mere waste of money to vote it away, without some security through Parliament that the new money shall be more wisely employed than the old. In our opinion, an entire reform of the Admiralty itself must precede any real and permanent reform of the naval system. Not that we would grudge any grant presently shown to be necessary—which we would pay on the principle of making the best of a bad bargain. But we certainly recommend that the vote should be accompanied not only by a discussion, which is inevitable, but by some resolution affirmative of the necessity of an inquiry into the naval expenditure of the last twenty-five years. This involves no hostility to the present Admiralty, who have had no time to go far wrong in; but is broached in the hope that the whole Admiralty system may be dragged to light, and made responsible to the public. Will Mr. Bright, or some economical reformer, take up this one point—the very best and most important point with which to open an economical campaign? There is no better ground such a man could occupy; for just in proportion as the public

is willing to pay for the navy, has it a right to know exactly how its generosity is abused. We are of opinion that a business-like revolution on this subject—a debtor and creditor account between Admiralty and country—would be such an exposure as has rarely been seen, even in modern times, in Basinghall Street.

In a few days, Parliament is likely to have the report of the commissioners on the manning of the navy, and we need not say that that document will demand the greatest attention of the country. But, even over that, the pecuniary side of the matter must take precedence. For the "manning" will mix itself up with the financial question, and its solution will not improbably involve another demand on the national purse. But with what cheerfulness can a nation look forward to such a demand, when it knows, by comparing the amounts paid with the results, as exposed by naval officers, that heaps of the gold which was given to enable us to rule the sea, has in truth and reality been as good as sunk in it?

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN AND THE COURT ARE NOW AT WINDSOR, where the anniversary of her Majesty's wedding-day was celebrated on Thursday.

THE QUEEN has conferred the Victoria Cross on Commander James Young, and William Hall, seaman, of the Shannon, for their gallant conduct at a 24-pounder gun, brought up to the angle of the Shah Nujiff, at Lucknow, on the 16th of November, 1857.

THE PRINCE OF WALES arrived at Rome on Thursday week. The following day the Pope sent his major-domo to pay him his respects.

MADAME BORO was hissed the other night at the Italian Theatre, St. Petersburg, for having, a few nights before, caused the performance to be changed on pretext that she was ill, though she could go to a grand party in the house of a princess, and sing there as charmingly as ever.

SIR JOHN YOUNG, late Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, is appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD will read the narrative of his "Life of Douglas Jerrold" at Sheffield, on the 28th inst., in aid of the People's College, of that town.

MR. CORDEN is about to pay a visit to the United States.

SIR G. G. WILKINSON insinuates, in a letter to "The Times," that Napoleon has an eye to an attack on Malta, and that he is only making a feint at Austria.

DURING THE ROYAL PROCESSION, on Thursday week, a lady, named Bruce, was knocked down in the crush, and was carried in an insensible state to the hospital, where she died.

A YOUNG GIRL has been killed at Lanark, by a threshing machine.

THE GOODS STATION AT KEITH, on the Great North of Scotland Railway, has been destroyed by fire.

MR. JOHN LEWIS has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

THE LAST VESTIGE of the system of keeping prisoners on board diseased ships of war is just about to be abolished by the breaking up of the staff of the Stirling Castle convict hulk in Portsmouth harbour.

A WORK is about to be published in Paris, entitled "The Duchess of Orleans; her Life, and Confidential Correspondence," written by a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, the daughter of an ambassador under Louis Philippe.

THE JUBILEE, a vessel of 700 tons, from Shanghai, laden with tea and silk, went ashore near Boulogne on Friday week. The crew, twenty-five in number, were saved.

MAJOR-GENERAL WYNARD will succeed Sir James Jackson as Commander of the Forces at the Cape. Major-General Wynard has just returned from New Zealand, where he has served for several years with the 58th regiment.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, already in possession of the excellent statue of Handel by Roubiliac, has recently received a gift from Lady Rivers of an early portrait of the great musician by Denner. The portrait was presented by Handel to his amanuensis, Smith, as a testimony of regard, and has never passed out of his family, Lady Rivers being Smith's grand-daughter.

THE INDEFATIGABLE VERDI is on the point of producing a new opera, and the subject is the assassination of Gustavus the Third, of Sweden. It will be produced at Rome, at the Theatre Apollo, in the course (it is said) of this month.

SIR ROBERT TOLVER GERARD, of Garswood, Bart., has been appointed sheriff of the county Palatine of Lancaster for the year ensuing.

DR. MANNING is preaching in English every Sunday at the church of San Carlo, in the Corso, at Rome, to a very numerous congregation, who crowd to hear the ex-archdeacon expound the motives which induced him to change the Anglican for the Roman faith.

THE VERY REV. GEORGE CHANDLER, D.C.L., Dean of Chichester, died on the night of the 3rd instant.

A WAR SONG, in the Italian language, has been composed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. It is entitled "The People's Hymn, or the Voice of the Corsicans," and is, in fact, a poetic appeal to insurrection in Italy.

THE CITIZENS OF BONN have resolved to have slabs fixed on the former dwellings of Niebuhr and A. W. von Schlegel, who were born in the town.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

THE FRIENDS OF ART SCHEFFER are preparing an exhibition of his works as complete as it will be in their power to make it.

MR. BURN is afflicted with erysipelas, and has lost the sight of his right eye.

THERE ARE FROM 5,000 to 6,000 INTERDICTED PRIESTS in Paris alone; many of these clerical outcasts have become either waiters or cabmen.

THE GOVERNMENT has it in contemplation, we hear, to construct a harbour of refuge for gunboats and others in the bay at Dawlish; the natural advantages are so good that about £3,000 is thought to be sufficient for this purpose.

THE "CONSTITUTIONNEL" draws a comparison between the United States and Russia totally to the advantage of the latter. According to that journal, "the American colonist has become a filibuster, whereas the Cossack has been transformed into the peaceful pioneer of civilisation."

IN ADDITION to an increase in the Bengal establishment of from seventy-four to eighty chaplains, ten more are to be sent out at once, who will at first rank as supernumeraries.

BIRDLINGBURY HALL, the residence of Sir J. W. Biddulph, was the scene of an extensive fire last week. It was not subdued until it had raged for nearly eight hours.

A "PUBLIC READING SOCIETY" has been established in London to provide public readings for the working classes. Its plans are to secure the use of public halls, schoolrooms, and other convenient places, and to supply evening readings from English literature adapted to a general audience, only a penny being charged for admission.

THE DILIGENCE, coming from Bologna, was stopped and plundered a few days ago, when at a distance of about four English miles from Florence. The bandits carried off 2,000 scudi, and an Englishman was robbed of about a hundred napoleons.

THE DEBATES in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons on the first night of the Session were reproduced at great length in many continental journals. Nearly two of the four pages of the "Nord" were occupied in this way one morning.

A NUMBER OF MOVEABLE HOUSES are now being made in Paris for exportation to Cochinchina, where Admiral Rigault de Genouilly is founding a city.

AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BLAKE has been found at Mr. Fountaine's seat, at Norfolk.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has given notice that in future only those persons who are wholly employed by the Post-office Department will receive assistance from the department towards insuring their lives.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN contemplates matrimony with "a widow lady," we hear.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY suggests an invitation from the United States to the commercial countries of Europe to meet in a respective body for consultation on a uniform currency, uniform weights and measures, and a uniform system of commercial statistics.

A CHILD FOUR YEARS OF AGE, the son of a widow in Bishopswearmouth, fell into a pan of boiling water, and was so dreadfully scalded that he died next morning. But just before his death the little sufferer was so composed that of his own accord he said the Lord's Prayer.

### RAMSGATE SANDS.

THIS week we offer to our subscribers the second portion of our copy from Mr. Sharpe's clever engraving of Mr. Frith's clever picture of "Life at the Sea-side;" and a very pretty offering it is. There is one young lady in it—the one shading her eyes with her parasol whilst she is looking at the white mice—whose face is pretty enough to cure, with only one glance at it, the worst of toothaches. She has a kind of kitten face, and kittens are fond of mice.

We (being a young gentleman in full bloom) infinitely prefer this week's engraving to that in our last number. It is a younger picture. There are five, more or less, pretty faces in it; and the hands are particularly graceful. We like a soft-looking, plump, round, squeezable hand. This is just the kind of print which is worth cutting out and preserving. Young gentlemen who have a genius for pencil drawing and taking their sisters' portraits, usually make a sad bungle of the hands. We used to. Now, the hands of the lady netting, or of the one busy with the crochet-work, would be invaluable to copy from.

Ramsgate was a very innocent, good little town at the time when Mr. Frith painted his picture. It isn't such a modest, well-behaved place now; it has grown three times as big, and twenty times as wicked. You never see young ladies now seated quietly on the sand, gazing so innocently on white mice; they would be all of them staring at young gentlemen, who would, we'll be bound, be staring back again with fiery eyes. We've seen them do it.

We can remember Ramsgate when it was as well-behaved a little place as any in England. If every man alive in it had been a real clergyman, and every woman a Sister of Charity, their conduct could not have been more retiring or delightful. Then the little ladies could walk to the circulating library without being insulted by some half-dozen young gentlemen, smoking cigars on the hotel steps. Our age, in those days, was very tender. We used to save up our shillings against the trip to the sea-side. Donkey riding was held to be the extreme of mad-cap enjoyment. A midnight minstrel with a throaty voice and a twangy guitar serenaded the inhabitants: he was believed to be a handsome, but ruined nobleman, who had been disappointed in love; bed-room blinds were often drawn aside to catch a glimpse of this sentimental nightingale as he stood imposingly in the moonlight, and windows would be opened, and little hands, half hidden in the embroidered cuffs of the night-dress, would throw out shillings and half-crowns. The third floor at No. 6, Lion Hill, once threw half-a-sovereign. Coppers, even if neatly folded up in a curl-paper, were spurned as insulting by this romantic tenor.

We knew, too, in those days, just such a dashing, tip-top young gentleman as the one shown in our engraving—the boating-looking youth with the fat telescope. He had three sisters, and oh! such pretty ones! Whenever the swells wished to be introduced to these beautiful girls, they first made the acquaintance of the young fellow. They'd ask him to their rooms, and give him cigars and supper. He grew surprisingly fat through the beauty of his sisters. The second sister, if you looked at her long, took all your breath away, worse than diving under water. We'd tell you her name, only she is married now, and, no doubt, the mother of half-a-dozen large babies, and, perhaps, lost her figure and pretty looks. The only consolation a disappointed lover has, is that some day his cruel beauty will grow ugly and old. This takes the sting out of our memories of the past—especially in this particular case. But at the time we write of she was the beauty of the place. We'd have given her all our pocket-money (about one pound three) if she had even hinted that she was rather short of cash. We used to pay for her brother's morning ale (Cobb's sparkling was his drink). He was a bore, that brother: nobody liked him, and everybody hated his telescope. He dressed like a boating man, but the only time he ever ventured on the "briny" was on the occasion of a trip to the Goodwin Sands, and then he had to be laid at the bottom of the boat, and very convenient he was, as the boat leaked and we made a footstool of our enemy.

The exhibitor with the canary birds seems to visit Ramsgate every year. Mr. Frith has put him into his picture. The one he has painted is not the same exhibition as shows in the London streets, in this present year of grace. We saw the new one in Regent Street the other day, and can speak positively to the fact, that the Ramsgate exhibitor (Mr. Frith's) was a much stouter and less impressive man; besides, he wore a hat. Perhaps they are relations. The birds of both of them went through exactly the same performance: a canary remained perched on the trumpet whilst vigorous discord was being blown out; the deserter was punished and fired at; and the married couple took their ride in the tin chariot. This man had mice, too, which ascended the pole and brought down the red flag on the top. We do not remember the hare, but our memory is rather defective, and most likely Mr. Frith is correct. Our memory defective! It is indeed. We were nearly forgetting to mention the beautiful baker's daughter (no, not the beautiful baker, but the beautiful daughter of the baker), in High Street. She was another Ramsgate beauty. Her skin was as white as if she had just risen from one of her father's flour sacks. Black hair, thick and curly; red lips, and full; white teeth, and regular. She had an odour of new bread about her, and everybody likes new bread. They sold nothing but quatern loaves and ship-biscuits at that shop; but, luckily, our teeth were as strong as our affection, and we'd eat three of the tough circular affairs, looking at her pretty face between the bites, as if her good looks applied butter to the dry luncheon. She, too, is married now. She had no difficulty in getting a wedding ring. Everybody was in love with her, down to the town-crier, who was sixty-nine, and had a wife and six children somewhere in one of the back streets.

TENNYSON'S LABOURS.—Alfred Tennyson is busy with the last of the four poems which will be included in the volume which may be looked for from his hand about March. The forthcoming volume will include the history of Merlin's bewitchment by the blandishments of Nemaë, the type of wicked womanhood; of the loves of the faithful Elin, example of perfect loving truth in woman; of the fair maiden of Astoleto, who hopelessly loved Launcelot to the death; and of the repentance of Guinevere, at Glastonbury.

OUT OF WORK.—The "Spectator" makes an appeal that ought not to pass unnoticed:—"Bailly, the sculptor, has been compelled to retire from the active pursuit of his own profession. It is not, although he has attained mature years, that age has paralysed his hand or blinded his eye; it is that there are no demands for his works. The taste of the day runs into other fashions, neither so refined nor so elevated; and the worst of it is, that the most eminent sculptor of our country at this day finds his work department, leaving him unprovided for in the evening of life. It is not that Bailly has been entirely unappreciated. Indeed, in George the Fourth's day, at one time he held commissions to the amount of sixty thousand pounds. But George the Fourth died; a sailor king followed, with no particular vocation for the arts; and Bailly was displaced, as well as a good deal of trumpery for the somewhat indiscriminate prince thought fit to patronise. And in those days of prosperity Bailly did not save. He was affluent, friends came around him, and he lent his countenance to those who wanted as well as to those who wanted not. Thus of his thousands five went to one man, ten to another; and now that the opportunity of production ceases, the master sculptor finds himself with short provision. He did not sufficiently observe the thrifty rule, to lay by for the rainy day. It would be a disgrace to the country if that man, who most universally represents British art in Europe, were known to be dependent upon a vocation which had left him. It is a case of that kind where the bounty which the Crown holds in trust for the empire has an obvious charge upon it."

DEATHS FROM LIGHTNING.—The number of deaths from lightning in England (according to the 19th annual report of the Registrar-General) was as follows in each of the five years stated:—45 in 1852; 10 in 1853; 17 in 1854; 17 in 1855; and 14 in 1856. In the five years 103 deaths, 88 of males and 15 of females. The greatest number of deaths, as to age, appear to have occurred in the five years from 15 to 25, namely, 16 deaths. The average annual mortality from lightning in England during the five years was 1.10 to one million persons living; and while in London the yearly average was only 0.16 to that number of the living, it was 1.93 in the Eastern Counties, 2.08 in the North Midland, 1.06 in the North-Western (Lancashire and Cheshire), 1.07 in Yorkshire, and 2.15 in the Northern Counties. Of the deaths from lightning in Lancashire during the five years (in all 12), 5 were in 1852, 6 in 1855, and the other death in 1856. Of the 10 deaths in Yorkshire during the five years, 7 were in the West Riding, only 1 in the East Riding, and 2 in the North Riding.

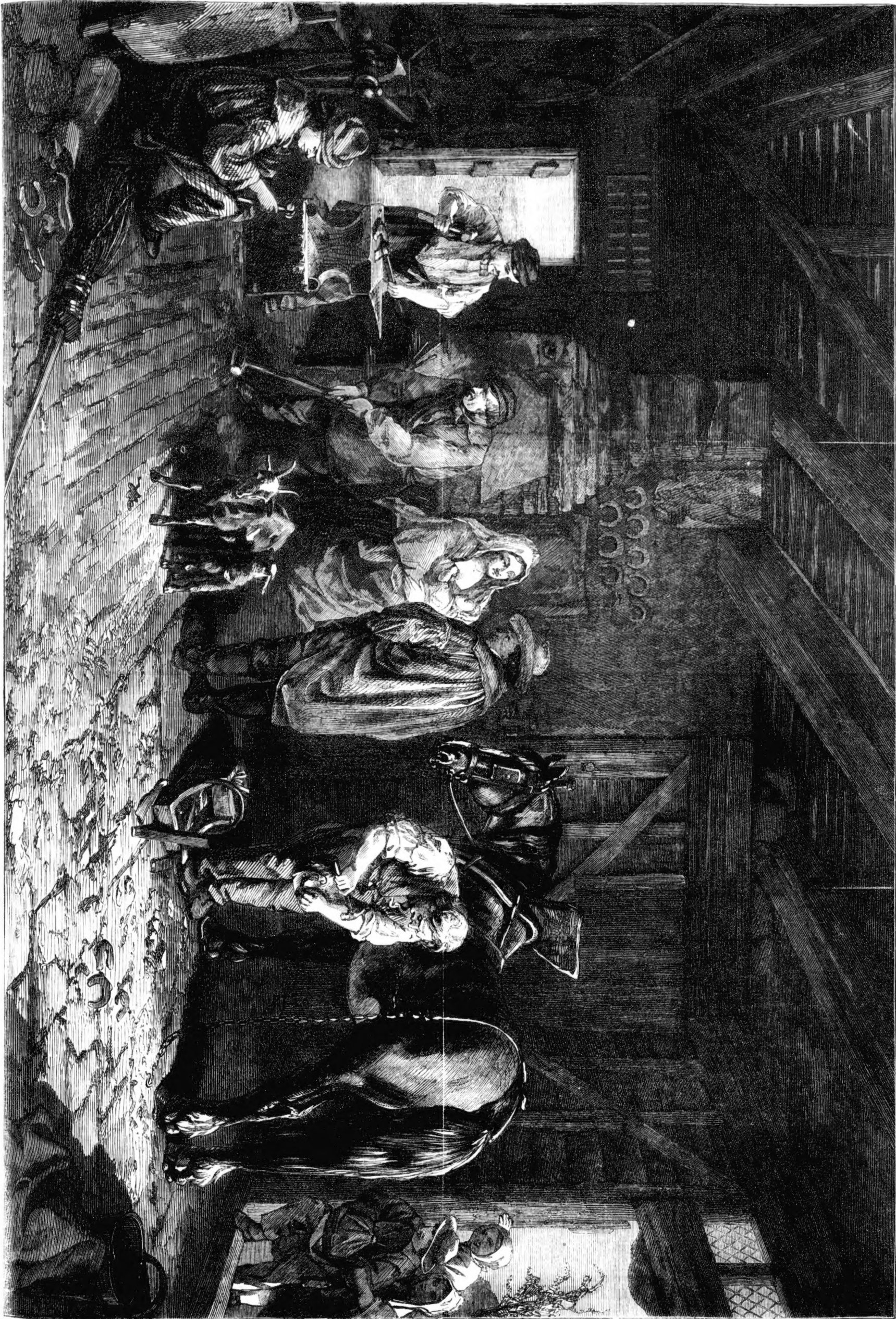




RAMSGATE SANDS, No. 2—(BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A GROUP FROM THE LARGE ENGRAVING ISSUED BY THE ART UNION OF LONDON.)



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—(FROM A PAINTING BY R. KENNET, IN THE OXFORD INSTITUTION.)





## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This year's catalogue of the British Institution, contains a list of five hundred and seventy-nine pictures; there are also thirteen works of sculpture; of which last we do not intend to say anything in this notice. Imprimis, because we have not space; again, because the statuary mainly appears in the exhibition in the guise of chimney ornaments, and with about the same modicum of respect being paid to its dignity; and lastly because we intend to devote an article shortly to the consideration of the condition of the sculptor's art in England, and the causes which have led, first to its decadence, and next to its lamentable degradation.

The exhibition is a very bad one—to us thoroughly unsatisfactory—quite wanting in compensation for the short-comings of the past; quite barren in encouragement as to amendment for the future. As usual, some good, even great, painters are content to “star” it among the “periwig-pated fellows” who tear the passions of painting to tatters, split the eyes of the groundlings with monstrous drawing and abnormal perspective, and out-Herod Herod in extravagance of conception and impertinence of execution. We do not feel ourselves called upon to criticise in detail the works of the more illustrious contributors to the gallery. It is fulsome to reiterate praise which they have deserved any time these twenty years; and their short-comings we shall have ample space to treat upon when we meet them in their proper element, Trafalgar Square. Suffice it, then, to say, that Mr. Frost has a pretty miniature in oil, under a glass (20) a scene from the “Allegro,” and a reduced copy, we think, of a former picture. His forms are as graceful, and his semi-nude nymphs as decorous as of yore. Mr. David Roberts has (26) an interior, “St. Mark’s Chapel, Venice,” and (173) a view of the “Ruins of the Forum, Rome.” Both are full of his manner, and not of his best manner. Mr. E. W. Cooke is himself, and a little more, in (3) a sea view of the “Giardini Pubblici, Venice;” Mr. J. B. Pyne (whom we shall not meet in Trafalgar Square) has one of his agreeable hallucinations of a halcyon sea-scene (545), “The Castle of Angeria,” wonderful as to colour and aerial perspective; but we are afraid no more susceptible of being realised in actual nature than the “golden prime” of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or that happy state of society where Sin and Death shall be no more, and the little pigs shall run about ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, crying “Come eat us.” The Boddingtons, the Williamses, and the Percies are as fat as ever. J. J. Wilson shows to advantage in a large picture (197) of the “Needles, Isle of Wight;” Mr. J. Danby sends (81) a ruddy “Sunset in Plymouth Harbour;” very handsome, but somewhat wearisome—(*toujours perdrix*, Mr. Danby); Mr. Linnell has (163) an “Evening in the Corn-field;”—rather solemn and shady for so glad a subject, but it is, perhaps, a northern scene, where the harvest is russet, not golden; and Mr. Lance shows us in (246) “The Golden Age,” and (412) “Fruit,” that the gifts of Pomona, and the chased and embossed ware of Cellini, can be gorgeously rendered without being appetising—can be faithful without being natural. Every pip in every one of Mr. Lance’s melons is accurately marked out, and coloured according to pattern; but it would require a chisel and sledge-hammer to dislodge one of them from its place; and as to Mr. Lance’s beautifully-painted grapes, they might be fired out of Minié rifles, and would knock the spouts off tea-pots at 250 yards, so hard-looking are they. Finally, Mr. Holland, whom we regard as one of the *excellent commandanti* of the brush—in colour the soldiers may salute him “Imperator”—is very gray and sober this year. (98) The “Basilica St. Marco” is, however, more in his usual style.

Sober and gray say we; but away with melancholy! “Haste thee, nymph,” etcetera. Let the “Penseroso” be abandoned for the “Allegro.” *Nunc est ridendum*. Usher—call on the next case. Get into the box, sir. Swear him. Now, sir.

Your name, you say, is Hopley—E. Hopley—and you have had the hardihood to send to the British Institution a large picture (453), hung on the line, entitled “The Birth of a Pyramid! an Attempt to Realise an Egyptian Tradition?” You admit it? You tell us that the daughter of Net Chofa, King of Egypt, (when did he live? was he *pre* or *post* Sesostris?) who had many admirers, commanded each of them to bring her a sculptured stone. Such numbers obeyed her, that she was enabled to construct a pyramid from the result. Very well, Herodotus’s account of this fable has, you say, been controverted by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and ridiculed by Voltaire; you simply use the tradition as a legitimate means of recording novelty in costume and ornament, and as an excuse for producing, by an infinite variety of tints, that appearance of “general bloom,” mentioned in the “Grammar of Ornament” as being one of the chief characteristics of the Egyptian theory of colouring. The labours of Champollion, Wilkinson, Bonomi—what have these to do with your extravagant picture? Silence, sir. You are under obligations to Mr. E. T. Smith for allowing you to avail yourself of the historically beautiful and correct costumes from “Nitocris.” That will do. Stand down, sir. No; put him in the dock. Hold up his hand. How will he be tried? By the “Illustrated Times” and his country? How say you, gentlemen? guilty, clearly guilty! No recommendation to mercy! Put him back; and now let us see with your aid, good Mr. Public, if we cannot hang this Mr. Hopley.

It is recorded in the “Ductor Dubitantium” of Jeremy Taylor, among other finely-drawn cases of conscience, that once at Ludlow, in a criminal trial, the three judges being ranged—a terrible show—the prisoner, even before he had pleaded, took off his shoe, and cast it at the head of my Lord Chief Justice. Whereupon the other two judges, upon the mere intuition of the fact, waited not to hear evidence, or to charge the jury, but proceeded to pass sentence upon the shoe-throwing culprit at once. Now, Mr. Hopley, in this egregious burlesque of a picture, has clearly cast a gauntlet of defiance at the heads of all persons of good taste; and we should be justified, upon the mere intuition of the fact, on passing sentence, and writing *sus. per. col.* against his name in the catalogue forthwith. But we have been more merciful, and will not match our black cap against his gay one, with the bells attached. He may even have a fresh trial, if he so choose, and we pray that a larger jury may send him a good deliverance. The verdict we ourselves record is that the picture is a farago of absurdities, painted with a wondrous painstaking elaboration of details, which it is really pitiable to see thus thrown away. Months—nay, years—may have been wasted in polishing, and refurbishing, and tickling up this meretricious piece of Japan lacquer-work—this ornate tea-tray—this overgrown arabesque—this willow-pattern plate run mad. The best that Mr. Hopley can do with it, now, is to take an honest mop and a pail of whitewash and prime the redundant tea-chest out. A fancy portrait of Nitocris dancing a saraband with Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. Fitzball might be advantageously painted, in a broad bold style, over the frenzy of Juggernautian-Tunbridgeware aggravated by mummification. We can readily believe that the picture owes much to Mr. “Dykwyndin’s” “historically beautiful and correct costumes.” The whole picture looks like a nightmare of the property-room of Drury Lane Theatre. Go away, Mr. Hopley, do, and paint sensible pictures; else assuredly shall you be sold for a slave to the Egyptians, and doomed to labour all your life at building pyramids, without so much as a wisp of straw to make your bricks withal.

If Mr. Richard Andsell had stayed longer in Spain, or taken leaves more largely from Mr. Phillips’s book, he would have brought home a stronger flavour of garlic and *puchero*; his pictures would have been sunnier, his *senoritas* more *agacantes*, his *muchachos* swarthier, his *contrabandistas* more reckless. As it is he has worked very hard, like an honest gentleman-painter as he is; and, though he has an odd, bluff English air when he means to be most Spanish, there is good stuff in his pictures. Against Mr. Andsell’s Spanish costumes and paraphernalia we have not a word to say. Sheepskins, gregos, gourd, veils, mantillas, fans, ear-rings, cigarillos, *borricos*, trappings, are all painted stripe for stripe, colour for colour, *tale quale*. But for the want of a something, such pictures as (50) “Dos Amigos” and (347) “Isa Mayor, Banks of the Guadalquivir,” would be great as well as good pictures. By the way, there is a horse in the former performance that

wears his tail literally *en queue*—twisted tightly and tied up with ribbons like an old-fashioned pigtail. This is no doubt very Spanish, but it is extremely unsightly.

Mr. John Gilbert’s large picture (66) “Sir John Falstaff examining the last half dozen of sufficient men provided for him by Robert Shallow, Esquire,” is not a great success; but it is a commendable work for its earnestness, for its vigour and freedom from affectation, for the steady purpose it shows in its author at least to *try* to understand Shakespeare. Mr. Gilbert has just completed the illustration of a sumptuous edition of Shakespeare, in which there are very many designs that would have made studies for far better pictures than the one before us. The heads in this Falstaff and Shallow scene are all too much alike; the faces, albeit glowing with colour, are all dirty—“grubby” so to speak—the folds of all the drapery are too massive, and cast shadows far too dark; and there is a want of vitality, of *animus*, throughout. ‘Tis the dough for a very excellent cake set before the fire; but the barn is of indifferent quality, and fermentation has not set in.

Yet we bear Mr. John Gilbert no malice because he has not perfectly succeeded in pictorially rendering one of the finest scenes of pure comedy that the arch-humourist, the arch-philosopher, the arch-observer, the Homer of the stage, ever drew. Mr. Gilbert has done his best. Perseverance and purpose are apparent in his work, and this is saying a great deal in this lukewarm and lack-zeal age. Where, indeed, is the painter who could give us, in spirit and in truth, a version on canvas, and in pigments, of the immortal scene in the “court before Justice Shallow’s house in Gloucestershire?” Who could paint “Thomas Wart,” whose “apparel was built on his back, and whose whole frame stood upon pins?” Who, “Ralph Mouldy, young, strong, and of good friends?” Who, “Simon Shadow, his mother’s son,” and just substantial enough to fill up a line in the muster-book? Who, “Peter Bullcalf,” of the green, who caught a cough upon the king’s affairs, with ringing bells upon the coronation day? Who, “Francis Feeble,” the woman’s tailor, the “most forcible Feeble,”—“valiant as the wrathful dove, and most magnanimous mouse?” And the Justice—garrulous, conceited, long-bow-drawing Justice Shallow—full of cackling stories of the times when he lay all night by the windmill in St. George’s Fields, and heard the chimes at midnight; of when he was “mad Shallow,” and with little John Doit, of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Francis Squeale, Cotswold men, “were the great swinge-bucklers of the Inns of Court.” And Sir John! the very same Sir John who broke Skogan’s head at the court gate, “when he was a crack; not thus high,” whose watchword was “Hem boys;” who had done feats about Turnbull Street, and loved sack and sin, and fat capon, and fatter Mrs. Quickly, and entertained Bardolph of the flaming nose, Nym of the “humour of bread and cheese,” and Pistol the lying braggart, the “base Assyrian knight,” who cared not a fig for friendship, and ate leeks, and was “quoted down-stairs like a shovel-board groat;” the genial, witty, good-humoured, shrewd, unprincipled, merry, scandalous knight, who was so scurvily treated in the end, as we think, by his royal boon companion, and who died of a “quotidian tertian,” and “cried out of sack” and the flea on Bardolph’s nose, till “his nose was as sharp as a pen;” and he “babbled of green fields,” and so went to “Arthur’s bosom,” for to heaven, or to purgatory, or to perdition, Sir John Falstaff was at once too bad, and not bad enough. Who could give us the pictorial embodiment of this? Royal Academician or *Præ-Raphacite* existing? we doubt it. Could George Cruikshank (who has a feeble, muddy rendering in oil of his own inimitable etching done in the days when he was “glorious George”) (435) “Roderick Random’s Encounter with Captain Weazel”—could G. C. do it, all humourist as he is? Could Leech, could Browne, could “Mr. H. Stacy Marks,” the prominent “comic painter” of the day? But one man who ever wrote “*pinxit*” after his name would have been equal to the task; the man who drew Jack Wilkes and Simon Fraser of Lovat, and who is gone to “Arthur’s bosom” himself now, while the grass grows green over his grave in Chiswick’s quaint churchyard. ‘Tis said that Nelson and Wellington only met once in their lives, and for half an hour, in an ante-chamber of the Admiralty. Only once hastily, cursorily (in the “Garriek as Richard” picture) did the genius of William Hogarth grasp the hand of William Shakespeare.

As Medora waited for Conrad, so waits the mountaineer’s wife for her absent lord in [179] Mr. Wyburd’s very excellently-painted picture. The scene is Italian—we should imagine Sicilian, for there is a lack of the usual “contadina” conventionalities, which painters who have made but a short stay in Italy, and go over only well-trodden ground, draw from the parlours of the Café Greco and the steps of the church of San Panerajio. Here the painter gives us the *couleur locale*—by which we do not mean local colour but local feeling, else would we have used the vernacular; and his Italianism is not mustily redolent of the “annual” vignette and the theatrical costume warehouse. The story told is simple and plaintive; as Mr. Wyburd quotes from Rogers:—

“Long did his wife,  
Suckling her babe—her only one—look out  
The way he went at parting, but he came not.”

*Voilà tout*. The wife of the mountaineer sits anxiously watching in a species of covered gallery overlooking the far-down-below valley. The spinning-wheel, the basket full of flax, bespeak her occupation; but we are afraid that the pursuits of the “mountaineer” himself are less innocent. Let us hope that he is not addicted to *andare in campagna*, to brigandage; and detected, perchance, in a raid on a *vetturino*, at this moment in the grasp of his Sicilian Majesty’s gendarmes. The scene is painted under the effect of a very pale, clear moonlight; and there is wonderful purity and transparency in the solemn shadows. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Wyburd has not been able to resist the temptation of showing us how artfully he can manage the juxtaposition of artificial with natural light; and accordingly we have a ruddy glow from a lamp on a crucifix. The mountaineer’s wife is not rich, seemingly, Mr. Wyburd; and we think what lamp-oil there was to spare would have been expended inside the house. Only the municipalities and the *Fabbrica della Chiesa*, entertain extramural lights. As a work of art, however, Mr. Wyburd may match his picture against any of the luminous *tours de force* of Schalken or Granet.

Mr. R. Elmore has two pictures, (119) “The Flower Girl,” very delicately and minutely painted, and (460) “The Blacksmith’s Shop,” of which we publish an engraving on the preceding page. The Misses Mutrie are as delightful as ever in their floral achievements. (342) “Orchids,” by Miss A. F. Mutrie, is full of exquisite tenderness and grace; and (355) “Camelias,” by Miss Mutrie, is replete with delicacy of colour and unstrained manipulative skill. If ever we were condemned for our sins to wear Mr. E. Hopley’s pyramid picture about our neck like a Chinese “cangue,” we should be content with our pillory if the Misses Mutrie would pelt us to death with the flowers they paint so charmingly.

Mr. D. W. Deane does good service this year. In jagged, rugged, rubbly, stone staircases, and in artful juxtapositions of light and shade upon them, and in little peasant children—Breton and otherwise—descending said staircases, he is unrivalled. (84) “Scene at Morlaix, Brittany,” and (407) “A Staircase in Brittany,” are capital specimens of his manner. Mr. E. J. Cobbett, too, is Breton in his artistic predilections this year, and sends (555) an admirably-painted interior. And so, just staying to chronicle our flat refusal to criticise Sir George Hayter’s monstrous picture of the “Christening of the Prince of Wales”—the present pen not being habituated to writing commentary notices of Boyle’s “Court Guide” and Webster’s “Royal Red-book”—and whose number, even, in the catalogue, we will not indicate, lest it should lead the unwary to bear their eyesight therewith, we take leave for the present of the Exhibition of the British Institution for 1859. We have confined our notice to the very few good, or barely tolerable, pictures. Of the Great Army of the Bad we have been, in a great measure, silent. We shall meet the painters hereafter at Philippi or in Wardour Street—at Thermopylae, or at Jones’s auction-rooms.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE been at some trouble to learn something about the Reform Bill, and I have to report as the result that the Government Reform Bill is settled, and is probably now in the bill-drawer’s hands to be moulded into shape. It will be laid upon the table in about a month from this date. A sagacious political prophet, not of the Ministerial party, who never fails me, says that it will be a good bill, and that it will pass with a large majority. The Government has kept its secret so well that not an inkling of its contents has oozed out; I do not believe that they are known to any one, excepting to members of the Cabinet, a few *experts*, and the bill-drawer. Mr. Bright’s bill, it is confidently affirmed, will not make its appearance until after the presentation of the Government measure. From the fact that Mr. Bright has been moving for certain returns, evidently necessary for his forthcoming bill, I surmise that the Honourable Gentleman has not yet licked his measure into shape. I apprehend that he finds no common difficulty in re-arranging the seats which he proposes to obtain from disfranchised boroughs. It is comparatively easy to say what boroughs ought to be deprived of the privilege of sending members; but to determine what towns shall be enfranchised is not so easy. For those members at his disposal he has as many claimants as the Government has for a good place when it has one to give away. Letters pour in upon him every day; and every day he becomes more conscious of the task which he has undertaken. Some of the Radical members do not hesitate to say he ought not to have undertaken it. The policy, they say, should have been to have watched the Government measure, and attempted to engraft his notions upon that; by this policy he would have saved himself a vast amount of trouble, and stood a better chance of getting a liberal measure of reform in the end, without incurring a tithe of the responsibility which he has undertaken. His measure will not pass. The most sanguine Reformer of the extreme liberal sort does not hope for success. It is reckoned that he may get about 120 or 130 members to support him, not more. The more I talk with Reformers or quasi-Reformers, the more I become convinced that the agitation for Reform is a transparent sham. There is not the smallest symptom of real earnestness; there seems to be an indolent feeling that something must be done; but at the bottom of their hearts I do not believe that there are fifty members in the House that really wish for Reform; and some of those who make the most noise about it would be glad enough to be well rid of the question altogether. I, who remember the agitation of 1831-2, am struck with the difference between the excitement which prevailed then, and the comparative indifference which is so manifest now. Then the feeling was profound and resolute, blending and binding all classes of Reformers into one irresistible phalanx; but now the question is looked upon rather as a disagreeable necessity. It would not at all surprise me if even now both bills were to be delayed and delayed, and the session shuffled through without passing a bill at all. I do not say that either party contemplates anything of this sort, but I should not be astonished if it were to happen. Nor should I apprehend any excitement in the country as to the result. There would be neither riotings, nor burnings, nor monster-meetings, you may rely upon it; nor would the Commander-in-Chief be in the state of anxiety that the great Duke was in 1832. Mr. Bright is, I understand, in some difficulty upon the question, “Who are to have votes?” The rate-paying franchise turns out, on closer examination, not to be so satisfactory as it appeared to be at first. It is said that he will propose to give lodgers votes under certain conditions; and it certainly appears right that they should be enfranchised. In London we know that it is by no means an uncommon thing for the rate-payer of the house to live upon the basement storey, while the whole of the upper part of the house is let to a lodger; and that the man in the kitchen should have a vote when the occupant of the drawing-room has not, is certainly an anomaly. But the whole question is beset with anomalies, solecisms, and perplexities.

Mr. Townsend has been persuaded to accept the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, or some other such office, and, by consequence, vacates his seat as member for Greenwich. I understand that there has been some little difficulty in bringing Mr. T. to this point. What was the consideration that induced him to take the step at last, I have not learned; but he is gone, and Mr. Salomons will soon be in his place—“*Sic transit gloria Townsendi!*” and yet it will leave a ray behind. He has been a member of Parliament. This fact remains. It may be engraved upon his tombstone, and boasted of by his descendants; and will perhaps bother some future Dryasdust not a little.

There seems to be no doubt that the theatrical profession, as a body, will be benefited somehow or other by this great Dodd controversy, let the issue be what it may. Everybody wants to show how generous he can be to the actors! The Rev. Mr. Moore offers them ground; the Necropolis Company offers them ground; and now here is a third offer. Let us, however, first consider the original propositions. Mr. Moore’s is good; his land is situated in a classic neighbourhood, amid lovely scenery and healthy air. So far all right; but I doubt the policy of deporting a certain number of ladies and gentlemen, all of whom have been accustomed to a life of excitement, down to a retired country spot, where they will infallibly be bored to death in a very short space of time. I do not take the very common-place view of this subject, and say that the retired actor requires to be within a certain distance of his tavern, where he can go and smoke his pipe of a night, and learn what is passing in the theatrical world, as I am certain that the tavern is no more necessary to him than to the superannuated merchant or lawyer; but the theatrical life is essentially one of action and excitement, and the mere fact of laying aside his profession requires some compensating balance in the shape of cheerful society. I doubt, therefore, if the “even tenor,” bass, heavy man or low comedian, would like to pass his last days in any “cool-sequestered vale.” If these objections exist to Mr. Moore’s offer, they apply in a tenfold degree to that of the Necropolis Company. Working Common, except for cemeteries and prize-fights, has always been considered a particularly ineligible situation; and one can fancy the wretched actors wandering round and round their clay-soiled territory, driven mad by the perpetual tolling of the cemetery bell, and looking for their only excitement in the arrival of the “funeral train.” “*Frère! il faut mourir!*” “*Hélas! mourir il faut!*”—constantly looking out on the last scene of all, the skull, the hour-glass, and the scythe, all real, not “property,” the constant enactment of one hideous tragedy, without the fall of the curtain and the return to private dress, and all the pleasant amenities of social life.

But the third proposition is certainly free from these objections. It emanates from the founders of the proposed “People’s Palace,” at Muswell Hill, who purpose setting apart five acres of their surplus land as a free gift to the Committee of the Dramatic College, and who are willing to appropriate an equal space for a similar institution for each of the professions of literature, science, and art. Here would be twenty acres of land, with a large common hall in the centre—excellent and cheerful society, a *mélange* of clever men, whose very difference in tastes would tend to the exclusion of petty jealousies, where each art could contribute its quota of amusement to aid in passing the long winter evenings, where, in the great hall, and aided by their younger brethren, the actors could get up their plays, the artists their exhibitions, the *sarans* and literary men their conversations! The place is a very short distance from town, and in the freshest and purest air. Pleasant Utopia! pleasant end to a lounging and vagabond life! but a horribly practical friend whispers to me that the People’s Palace itself is as yet in *nubibus*, and that many business details, including among other slight items the subscription of the necessary funds, have yet to be fulfilled.

This last week is one to be marked with a white stone in modern literary annals, for in it George Eliot and Owen Meredith, those shadowy essences of real beings, the one the best rising novelist, the other the most promising poet of the day, have each given to the world a new book. The perusal of “Adam Bede” confirms me in an opinion which I ventured on the publication of the “Scenes of Clerical Life,” that George Eliot is a *nom de plume*, under which a husband and wife shelter their identity, and that many business details, including among other slight items the subscription of the necessary funds, have yet to be fulfilled.

The title-page are distinctly the work of two authors, of different sexes.



I think careful readers of these books will understand and appreciate what I mean; will see that there is a force, health, decisiveness and during in them which are eminently masculine, and yet that various portions show such accurate knowledge of female little-nesses and inmost thoughts as is, thank Heaven! but given to women. The "Clerical Life" was a trying touchstone for the second book, but I think "Adam Bede" will be found wanting. The story is perhaps a little stretched out, and the action moves somewhat heavily in the first volume; but this is entirely made up for. In the last volume, the intensity of the interest is really painful, and throughout there is sweet writing, faithful Dutch-painting, and simple character-sketching, but rarely to be met with. Marvellously real are the descriptions of country scenery and country people. You smell the hay, you see the sun-embrowned autumn landscape, and you recognise the persons of the story as utterly natural in contradistinction to the well-known theatrical portraits. In this age of sham cynicism and general lip-curling and bile-produce, it is worth while reading the book, if it be only for its hearty, healthy tone, for its honesty, truth, and sincerity, and for the noble lessons which, devoid of all cant, humbug, and maudlin tear-drawing, it inculcates.

As for "Owen Meredith," it is needless for him any longer to wear the mask of pseudonymity. London "correspondents" and club-gossips have long since stripped off the idle figment of his disguise, and presented him to us as Mr. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, Sir Edward's only son. He has nobly won his spurs, and his genius, standing in no reflected light, may yet well be proud of its family surroundings. His new volume, "The Wanderer," contains much very sweet poetry: there are many echoes of Shelley, of Browning, of Tennyson, but there are innumerable original and thoroughly poetic ideas, set in the softest and most melodious verse. Stableman-born John Keats might have owned the thought—

"Sweet are familiar songs, tho' music dies

Her hollow shell in thought's forgotten wells;" and there are hundreds of others scattered throughout the book. Lovers of the humorous, the light, the serious, the descriptive, and the devotional styles, will each find something to their taste; but I would point out two little poems, "Condemned Ones" and "At home during the Ball," as gems of thought, feeling, and melody.

The art-world is up in arms, and obfuscation is loud at the mismanagement of the British Institution—always bad, but arrived this year at a pitch of violence. The great fault appears to be, that there is no responsible person. We grow away annually at the conduct of the Academy; but there at least the hangers are artists and men of position, and acknowledge individual and conjoint responsibility; but at the British no one knows on whom to fix the blame. The committee is composed of a set of *dilettanti*, who leave everything to some unknown incapable; and the Institution, though self-remunerative, and possessing all the requisites of success, is allowed to go to the bad. It is a great pity that some influential persons do not take the matter in hand. The coming Academy Exhibition, from what I learn, does not promise much, so far as figure-painters are concerned. If I am rightly informed, there will be no Frith (beyond Mr. Dickens's portrait), no Elmore, no Macleise. The last-named is hard at work on his fresco for the House of Lords, but will have nothing ready for the Academy. Mr. O'Neill is working twelve hours a day at the "Return," a companion picture to his "Eastward, ho," but even with this exertion, it is doubtful whether he will be in time. Mr. Millais will exhibit his "Return of the Crusader;" Mr. Faed, "A Scotch Emigrant Family in the Backwoods of Canada;" Mr. Holman Hunt's great picture of the "Temple at Jerusalem," on which he has been engaged for five years, is not yet sufficiently advanced to justify the hope of its exhibition. Those who have seen it, speak of it in the most rapturous terms.

There will be, I hear, a good exhibition at the French Gallery. Rosa Bonheur will send a large picture "Scotch Cattle going South;" and Couture a very funny scene of a "Trial after a Masquerade," in which the principal personages—accused, witnesses, and counsel—have all been to the previous night's debauch, and are in semi-ball toilette.

The late Mr. Chalon has bequeathed his sketches and drawings to the Hampstead Conversazione, on condition that they build a gallery for them! Rather a doubtful investment, I should think, for the members of the Hampstead Conversazione.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

##### THE MAGAZINES.

Not a very promising number of "Blackwood" this month: filled with rather too much of the heavy wooden fun, the ponderous facetiousness and weighty sarcasm which frequently finds its way into the pages of "Maga." The first paper, called "Mirage Philosophy," is devoid of this objection, and is a clear, clever, earnest, and veracious exposition of the sophistry, shams, and general trickiness of Thomas Carlyle. The idea is not a new one, of course, but it is well worked and well carried through; its satire is strong and trenchant, and its doctrines, though bitter and unpalatable, are true. It is a funny notion that of representing the great philosopher sitting in his peaceful study, surrounded by spectres of the most terrible description, evoked by the flourish of his pen: glared at by frost-giants, mud-demons, and Dead Sea-apisms; "while the background is made up of foam-oceans, and stygian quagmires, and the whole scene is surrounded by an atmosphere of silences and sphere-harmonies." These, it is well contended, are not the fantasies of a genius, not the Ariel or Puck attendant upon a great magician, but rather such witch-rabble as hunted Tana o' Shanter, or cheered old ladies with their fascinating company in the days of Matthew Hopkins. The "Hero-worship Lectures," the "Latter Day Pamphlets," are all dwelt upon, and in all it is asserted that Carlyle dwells habitually in the endless images of the unpractical, in uncomfortable and wretched mirages, where, "blessed with every comfort that liberty and enlightenment can confer, he sees in the fair, broad, honest face of England, only a howling wilderness." The latest work, the "History of Frederick," receives a severe castigation, and is stigmatised, as that in which all Carlyle's worst characteristics are most vividly developed, as that in which he has most entirely abandoned his strong points, and most carefully cultivated his weak ones. "How we went to Skye" is a pleasant, gossiping account of an autumn excursion, which, however, leaves the reader impressed with the writer's extraordinary good temper under difficulties, rather than with the vividness of his powers of description. There is a good German story called "Falsely Accused;" a scientific paper called "Mephitis and the Antelope," treating principally of the impurities of rivers used for sewerage purposes; and the continuation of the excellent, jovial, high-spirited "Cruise in Japanese Waters." The worst papers are those on "Objectionable Books," and on "The Periodical Press;" the former is an account of the various systems upon which books are chosen by the committees of country reading societies; the latter, a weighing of the good or evil of anonymity in journalism, quoting no new arguments or reflections, and written in the would-be facetious, but really painfully heavy, style I have before alluded to.

TRIAN is a periodical which I have not seen for some time. I knew it in its earlier days when it rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Hogg's Instructor"—a title which somehow always suggested thoughts of the learned pig,—but it has much improved since then. With this month commences a new story called "Getting On," which begins excellently; it is written somewhat in the "Guy Livingstone" style, and though the dialogues are a little lengthy and prosy, shows great power of observation in the author. There is a capital notice of Tieck, the German poet, who, Longfellow readers will recollect, is discussed in "Hyperion;" a well-written paper on a novel and interesting subject, "Life in Madagascar;" an article on "Lobsters, Crabs and Oysters," the writer of which is evidently half-naturalist, half-gourmand; and an earnest telling tale, "A Mechanics' Story." The only bad thing in the number is a poem, apparently one of a set, called "The Shy Young Man," and that is atrocious. Here is a specimen—

"When butler next the meat announces,  
Although you've warned him of his lady,  
Upon the wrong he surely pounces,  
And off he walks before you're ready."

Catnach! and of a bad sort!

The *Illustrated Times* has a capital number. The two opening papers on the Rev. Arthur Stanley's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Corinthians," and the Religions of India under the Queen's Government, are scarcely subjects for discussion in a layman's magazine; but the third article, "Bad Weather on the Mountains," by Mr. Alfred Wills, descriptive of an attempt to ascend Mont Blanc last year, and of the benumbing of Balmat the guide, is capitally written. Mr. Gosse, after Mr. G. H. Lewes, the pleasantest of our naturalists, discourses learnedly of the "strange things" which "come up to look at us," in a paper called "High-Water Mark." Mrs. Manning, the authoress of "Mary Powell," contributes two chapters of a serial tale on which she is engaged. Mr. Morley's recently-published book affords matter for a pleasant gossip on Smithfield and Bartholomew Fair, while some verses called "The Ship on Fire" are very much above par. The name of the author, Mr. Henry Bateman, is unknown to me, but his little poem is marked by originality, melody, and strength.

The illustrations of the NATIONAL are as good as usual, and the letter-press is a great deal better. There is a good paper upon M. Michelet's recently-published book, "L'Amour;" some very pretty verses, "Falls of the Chaudière;" the continuation of Mr. H. Brough's "Miles Cassidy's Contracts;" and an art-article on Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures at the Brompton Museum. Mr. Sutherland Edwards discourses very agreeably of Russian popular *fiets* this month. I regret to say that the conclusion of the "Detective Officer's Story" is as bad, conventional, ill-arranged, and ill-written as the commencement.

The most noticeable feature in the new number of the AMATEURS' MAGAZINE is the great improvement in the quality of the paper and the style of printing.

The best papers in the ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL are on "Colleges for Girls" and "Actresses and the Profession of the Stage." The former has rather the tone of an advertisement for certain establishments, but the latter is written with much sense and feeling, and shows great knowledge of the subject. There is an interesting notice of Isa Craig, and a poem contributed by that young lady, called "The Ballad of the Brides of Quair." We have seen some excellent papers and poems by Isa Craig in this journal before.

The opening paper in FRASER is a biographical sketch of "Hodson, of Hodson's Horse," by Hughes, of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." It is warmly eulogistic, but not more so, apparently, than the subject of the little memoir deserved. It will be rather a relief, though, when we get a remarkable somebody who was not a Rugby man and a pupil of Dr. Arnold, as we have been rather overdone with them lately. Mr. Frederick Tennyson contributes some pretty verses, which he calls "An Old Man's Song," and there are the continuation of "Helmy House," and Mr. Zincke's disquisition on Mr. Gladstone's "Homer." But the most readable papers in the number are three essays, called "Musings in the Train," "Fears for the Future," and "On Playing-," all containing many novel reflections and much sound good sense, put in an agreeable and attractive manner.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"I've Written to Browne" is a very dull farce, produced at the OLYMPIC, on Monday, with but moderate success.

Mr. and Mrs. Wigan will appear at the ADELPHI on the 28th inst. A new piece, translated from the French by Mr. John Oxenford, and called "The Last Hope," will be produced at the LYCEUM on Wednesday.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*Aunt Judy's Tales.* BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY. Illustrated. London: Bell and Daldy.

HEARTILY, without a single reservation, we praise this book, and wish it may have, among small and large children, a circulation not too far below its merits. It is every way charming and good. There are six stories—"The Little Victims," "Vegetables out of Place," "Cook Stories," "Rabbits' Tails," "Out of the Way," and "Nothing to Do," and these are not without a thread of connection. The "moral" sits light as love on every tale; looking into the duldest young heart with eyes of tender wisdom from under a hood of childlike humour. Mrs. Gatty's volume has made us flowery; but, really—to repeat the offence—such books are the buttercups and daisies of child literature. Up to now, Mr. Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," has been our pet child's book, but "Aunt Judy's Tales" puzzle our choice. We can give them no higher recommendation.

*Behind the Scenes in Paris: A tale of the Clubs and the Secret Police.* 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: James Hogg and Sons.

THESE spirited chapters are reproduced from "Titan." They were not unworthy of reprinting,—which they have got; but they would have been better for re-writing, which (we fancy) they have not got. Readers who have not seen them in the magazine will know pretty well what to expect in them, if we say that the story starts with a distressed socialist *ouvrier* betraying his "club," under the pressure of actual starvation for himself and family; and shortly takes up threads of imperialist police intrigue, with which, crossed and recrossed by fibres of private revenge and desire, it entangles the fortunes of an English gentleman, who loves a French lady, and carries them through prison, penance, and many distractions, down to the very last line but one of the second volume. There is a touch of the ludicrous about the wind-up, and it is deepened by the very hurried manner in which the lovers are brought together. Madeleine is going to be turned out of her "order" of charitable sisters. Paul takes a lodging opposite the *hospice* "day after day, upon his sofa, with the muslin curtain drawn across the window," watches for the opening of the door; and, every now-and-then raising a small opera-glass, scans any "figure" that comes out "from head to foot." At last Madeleine, after three days' prayer and fasting for penance, appeared. "Paul at his window saw her. He doubted a moment if it were her (she?). He could not doubt long. He leaped up with joy, and bounded down to her side," &c. &c., "and this woman was happy!" It is impossible to read all this without a smile. The situation does not necessarily imply anything ludicrous, as any one may see by observing how Hawthorne has worked out a similar one in his "Blithedale Romance;" but it wanted either patient care in the treatment, or a genial humour which could slip in and out of the pathos at leisure as the case required. This genial humour the author has not; but he is capable of simple pathos when he takes trouble, and some of the scenes are very touching. Let him get rid of that wretched hysterical flippancy which reminds one of the worst manner of "Golden-hearted Charles Kingsley," and breaks out in so very many passages. But above all, unless he means to write avowedly propagandist books, let him write with the catholicity of genius, and not plague the impartial reader with quasi-Calvinisms, and philosophies of passion founded on the story of Paradise. Pages 305 to 308 of Vol. II. are unpardonable rubbish. "The love, *par excellence*, of man and maid—passion—mankind holds in a more refined manner than other animals, but it is stronger in the latter." The writer of this sentence and the accompanying paragraphs may have been "behind" a good many "scenes" in his life; but the curtain of true love has never been lifted for him; or else he has the awkwardest knack of translating experience into words which we have ever known. We have not yet arrived at such views of that "fallen nature" on which he insists so strongly, as to be able to think of the loves of Dante and Beatrice and the flies in the milking as generic in character. On the whole, the volumes are clever, sparkling, and readable. The author (if his views of "our fallen nature" would permit him to think of the theatre) would write an effective melodrama; and we should not be surprised if the present story were to be worked up for the stage.

THE BISHOP of LONDON has opened in Clare Market the first of a class of humble churches to be established in the poorest and most crowded districts of the metropolis. It is simply a large room, fitted up plainly but decently, and supplied with a small organ, and chairs for about 500 persons. On week days, the room is used as a ragged school.

#### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MR. HULLAH and the Sacred Harmonic Society each took advantage of the fiftieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth-day to give a special performance in honour of the composer. There was no harm in this, but, on the contrary, a great deal of good, inasmuch as the performances, both at St. Martin's and at Exeter Hall, were highly meritorious. The only pity is, that other important events in the life of Mendelssohn should not be celebrated in a similar manner. His baptism, his first arrival in England, the production of the "Elijah," the marriage of his sister Fanny (whom, according to Mrs. Austen, he congratulated on the happy event in a piece of music), might all be made the occasions of concerts in his honour. In the meanwhile, if any of our musical associations wish to testify their admiration for Mendelssohn in a substantial manner, the best thing they can do is to subscribe to the Mendelssohn fund, which was originated twelve years since, when the news of the composer's death had just reached England, and when the orchestra at Exeter Hall was hung with black, and the subscribers to the Sacred Harmonic Society were wearing mourning. The gigantic bust of Mendelssohn, which, during the performance of "Elijah" at Exeter Hall, stood on a pedestal in front of the orchestra,—effectually concealing Mr. Costa from view—was not wanted; neither was the statue in the melodramatic wrapper, which figured at the end of the principal corridor. The bust (and the statue also, for all we know to the contrary) is the work of Mr. Calder Marshall, who, now that anniversaries are crowding upon us, will find the place of sculptor in ordinary to such celebrations a very profitable one. But statue and bust alike fail to convey a correct idea of Mendelssohn's physiognomy, which was neither so massive, nor so conventionally grand, as Mr. Marshall would have us believe. Sculptors, whether their subject be Jullien or Julius Cæsar, are all affected with a mania for adding a cubit to their hero's stature. If this be "idealisation," as some pretend, the sculptor's ideal must be Goliath.

"Elijah," on the evening of this day of celebration, was on the whole well executed; but those who are more familiar with that work than ourselves, say that the performance was not what the public had a right to expect, considering that it was the Society's forty-fifth. The singers were Miss Dolby, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, and we have mentioned (or implied) that Mr. Costa conducted. The orchestra was efficient, but the *tempi* were taken so fast, that the oratorio must have been over at least ten minutes before the usual time.

The commemoration concert at St. Martin's Hall went off in the most satisfactory manner. The programme included two of Mendelssohn's overtures (those to "Ruy Blas" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream"), the second pianoforte concerto, and the "Symphony in A"—surmamed "the Scotch." The orchestra was excellent, and the symphony and both the overtures were admirably executed. The pianoforte concerto, in the somewhat heavy hands of Herr Pauer, was less fortunate. "Strike, but listen," said Themistocles to Euribiades. "Strike, but don't listen," would appear to be the motto of Herr Pauer, for surely if he were to listen he would not strike so hard. Although Mr. Hullah is not in the habit of giving morning concerts, the fact of the Mendelssohn performance commencing at half-past two o'clock did not prevent the hall from being crowded.

The "Monday-evening concerts," at St. James's Hall, are varied nearly every week by the appearance of some new singer or musician. Last Monday, the novelty was M. Wieniawski, who was heard no less than three times—twice in solos and once in a trio. The first of the solos was Vieuxtemps's well-known "air varié"—the air being the "Bailhava" of Count Vielgorski, a Russian composer; the second, we believe, was the "Carnival," which has been the great show-piece of every violinist since the time of Paganini, and about which Ernst and Sivori were once very nearly coming to blows—each claiming to be the author of the variations which Paganini had written. The trio was a concoction of M. Gounod's, entitled "Méditation sur le troisième prélude de Bach." To the prelude for the piano the French composer has added parts for the harmonium and violin, and we suppose he means by the title "Méditation," &c., that the melody given to the violin was suggested to him by Bach's composition. The idea was certainly ingenious, but not by any means artistic, nor indeed justifiable from any point of view. Nevertheless, the "Méditation" was sufficiently well executed to obtain an *encore*. Let us hope that M. Gounod does not "meditate" anything else in the same style. After M. Wieniawski, the greatest "attraction" at the last Monday evening concert (Miss Goddard and Mr. Reeves being absent) was Madame Bishop. This lady has many of the qualifications of a great vocalist; in fact, all except that first essential—a good voice. She sings with taste, expression, and admirable skill; but in her voice there is an absence of freshness, not to speak of positive defects which render evenness of execution impossible. Her acquirements are so much greater than her natural gifts, that it is not astonishing she should be appreciated highly by musicians, who must naturally be inclined to pay special attention to the artistic qualities of a singer. But, in spite of frequent *encores* (with which even such singers as Mr. Genge are honoured at St. James's Hall), Madame Bishop produces but little impression on the public, and on ourselves rather a disagreeable one.

#### ST. VALENTINE.

IT is out of no disrespect to ancient institutions generally that I suggest the immediate retirement of St. Valentine. If it may be, I would dissuade him from shuffling about the world any longer. Let him take warning by the fate of the companions of his youth. There was young Shrovetide; he and Valentine must have been boys together. Well, what became of Shrovetide? Did he not degenerate from being a respectable religious institution, and take to badger-bating, cock-shying, and other evil courses? Does he not linger in the world to this very day, a mere pancake? Look at May-day. Valentine recollects him when he was a proper tall young man, at the head of a troop of merry lads and pretty maidens, going forth on sunny mornings to gather hawthorn blossoms wherewith to glorify the poplar spire; and Valentine must have seen the last of the city May-poles, resting on hooks against the walls of an old church at the corner of Fenchurch Street. How much better had it been for the patron saint of May-day frolics, had he there and then crept into the vault beneath, and decently ended his days! But no! He is another of those obstinate dogs who never will believe that they have had their day. What is he now? A sweep, who periodically attires his myrmidons in hideous gay rags, and performs mad antics with them in public for three muddy days in succession.

Something is to be said for St. Valentine, of course; for something may be said for every nuisance. You can produce statistics from the Board of Revenue, showing that the tax paid on paper for February exceeds that of any other month. You can show that the Post-office returns for the fourteenth of February increase annually! But these returns only exasperate me, and strengthen my belief in the expediency of abolishing St. Valentine.

Who was he? For my part I don't believe a bit of the monkish legend concerning him. A martyr he may have been, but you may depend it was to Mrs. V., and no one else. I have a volume before me, printed in ancient type, which assures me that the true state of the case was this:—On the 14th of a certain February, Valentine married a damsel lovely to look upon, but with a most unlovely temper. With a patience that was the marvel of the town, Valentine endured the society of the virago many years, till one day, rushing in hot haste to draw a bucket of water, wherewith to souse her meek spouse, she fell into the well and was drowned. The story of his long-suffering reached the ears of the Pope, who canonised him, and the 14th of February was from that time christened St. Valentine's-day—a day to be specially avoided in the making of betrothals and marriage contracts.

How it came about that its significance should be so utterly perverted, is one of those mysteries for which the "dark ages" are so famous. I incline to the belief that the ghost



of Mrs. V. must have had something to do with it; for surely no better arrangement could have been made for setting folks by the ears, than that which ruled St. Valentine's-day as it presently came to be observed.

Chloe, saluting the morning from her chamber window, was bound by her vows to the patron-saint of lovers to take to herself, as sweetheart for the ensuing year, the first man whom her eyes encountered. If Chloe happened to be a remarkable girl, she must have had more than one Lubin in her train. How the amorous swains must have lurked and perched about on butts and boughs for the chance of being the first sighted by the fair damsel! How many fond lovers, imbued with the courage of despair, climbed up rain-water-pipes, and seating themselves on the sill of Chloe's chamber window, awaited the opening of Chloe's eyes! How often were the maiden's slumbers abbreviated by the noise occasioned by pugnacious Lubins coming into collision on the dark winter mornings! How must the heart of little Phillis have throbbled, as on raising a tiny corner of the window-curtain she observed her faithful Cyprian! And, ah! how poor plain Daphne (aged twenty-eight) must have cried, when she found no one in sight but the old one-eyed hedge-carpenter, mending her father's fence!

Not but that the system had its advantages: it enabled a lady to see at a glance how she stood in the market; it cut the combs of conceited cocks, who thought themselves in little fear of a rival. Above all, it favoured short courtships. No young man would risk shilly-shallying for more than a year, lest his nose should become dislocated at the next election.

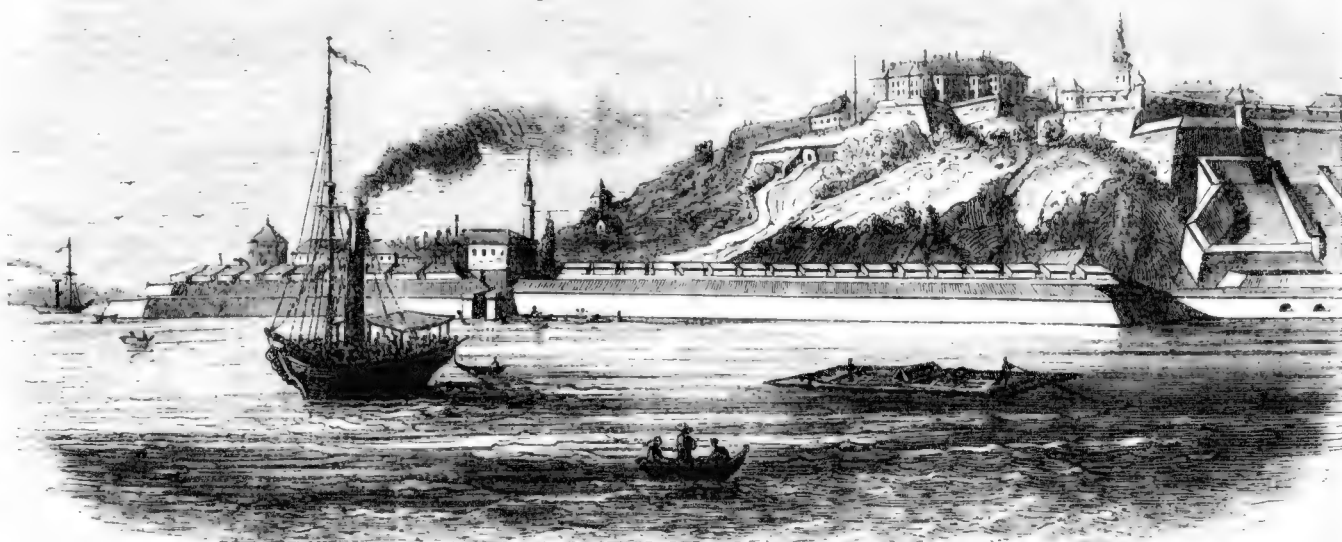
Good or bad, however, the system fell into disuse at last, and Valentine ocular gave place to Valentine epistolary. Before me I have an elaborate specimen of the valentines of last century. In fact, it is the very one with which, sixty years ago, my grandfather softened the heart of the maiden destined to be my grandmother. It is of foolscap size, and represents a young gentleman, in hunting-boots and with his hat on, prostrate on a couch, clutching spasmodically at his trilled shirt-front with his right hand. In the distance is a rustic church, the spire of which is surmounted by a wedding-ring. On a fly-leaf to this affecting picture, and written in a firm mercantile hand, is the following tender appeal:—

"For thy loveliness I pant,  
Beautiful heart of a lament;  
Let my plaintive woe awaken  
Pity for a heart forsaken.  
Cupid does my soul transfix;  
Save me from the verge of Styx!  
Say at once that you'll be mine,  
Most enchanting valentine!"

In justice to the memory of my grand-



VALENTINE'S DAY.—(DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.)



THE TURKISH FORTRESS, BELGRADE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. VOIGT.)

father, I feel to say I don't know he was the author of this effusion. The last two lines, though, may have been his, seeing that they have a practical bearing, and a grandfather was a practical man. As to "panting," he was the last man in the world to do such a thing. I have heard my grandmother say (she was by no means versed in heathen affairs) that those dreadful "sticks" at which my grandfather expressed so much alarm, had a good deal to do with extorting her consent.

Now St. Valentine was in a respectable position when my grandfather was a young man; and it is a pity that, with the decline of that charading and masquerading era, the saint did not quietly give up the ghost, leaving nothing worse to be said of him than that he had lived a good-natured foppish old gentleman. How much better than to have lived to be the wretched imbecile we now find him, attired in that prodigious blue surtout, dandling a riding whip, and sending poetic invitations of a preposterous character to the lady of his choice! Take the following, selected at random, from a heap of love messages, as examples.

Valentine number one presents, at first sight, no other appearance than that of being an elegant sheet of laced-edged, rose-tinted paper, with a little heap of the same material, cut into fine shavings, and fixed in the middle. In the centre of the heap, however, you presently perceive a tiny silk button, raising which, the heap rises too, and takes the form of a wire-screen, such as is placed over your cold joint in summer to keep off the flies. Through the meshes of the screen may be seen the figure in the blue surtout, and read the following poem:—

"Oh, come into the woodland glen,  
Where rippling brooks for ever sing,  
Far from the noisy haunts of men,  
And I will quickly buy the ring.  
In some cool grot our home shall be,  
Thine eyes will midst its darkness shine.  
Then haste, dear maiden, fly with me,  
And be my constant valentine!"

Only that the art of penmanship was unknown, and wedding-rings considered superfluous, amongst the sylvan creatures of old, these lines might have been written by an enamoured satyr to a single wood-nymph. Whereas the disciple of St. Valentine who transmitted that very "offer" to his love, was a delicate young clerk. Does the loving couple fancy they see themselves taking up their abode in the "woodland glen?" I do. I see Arlington Brown and Jemima his wife, sitting hand-in-hand on a jagged stone in that same "cool grot"—which ought to be cool enough in February, goodness knows. There they are in raptures at the music of the brook. Ah, Jemima!—oh, Arlington! what will you give for a scuttle of coals and a modérateur! Had we not better go back to the "noisy haunts of men," and procure



something comforting for that cold in your head?

Brevity, it would seem, is as essential to some people's loves as it is said to be to wit. Here is a valentine merely portraying the highly-coloured bust of a female, under which is the rhapsodical but laconic inscription—  
"Could I do aught but love thee!" Taking the highly-coloured female to be a correct portrait of the lady to whom the valentine is sent (which of course it must be, since no man would be stupid enough to send his sweetheart a portrait of another lady), I decidedly answer "yes."

And what of this valentine? At first sight it is very puzzling. It bears a full-length portrait of the blue-surtout, of course, while inscribed within a scroll at his feet is the following verse:—  
"As here your own dear self you see, Within thy heart I fain would be.  
As heart for heart is only fair, Open your heart and hide me there."

One occasionally meets with beings whose hearts are full of poetry, but seldom is it—thank heaven!—that we meet with poetry so full of "hearts" as the foregoing. What could it all mean? I was about to cast the thing aside as inexplicable, when my eye happily discovered a crevice running down the buttons of the surtout. This crevice betrayed the existence of a door; and opening it, I discovered on the site usually appropriated to the lungs, the head and shoulders of a blooming maiden! Tastefully dressed was the damsel's hair; her bonnet was trimmed in the prevailing fashion, and over all she carried a green parasol! How she managed to insinuate herself into such a secluded spot, without as much as creasing a ribbon or ruffling a feather, is marvellous.

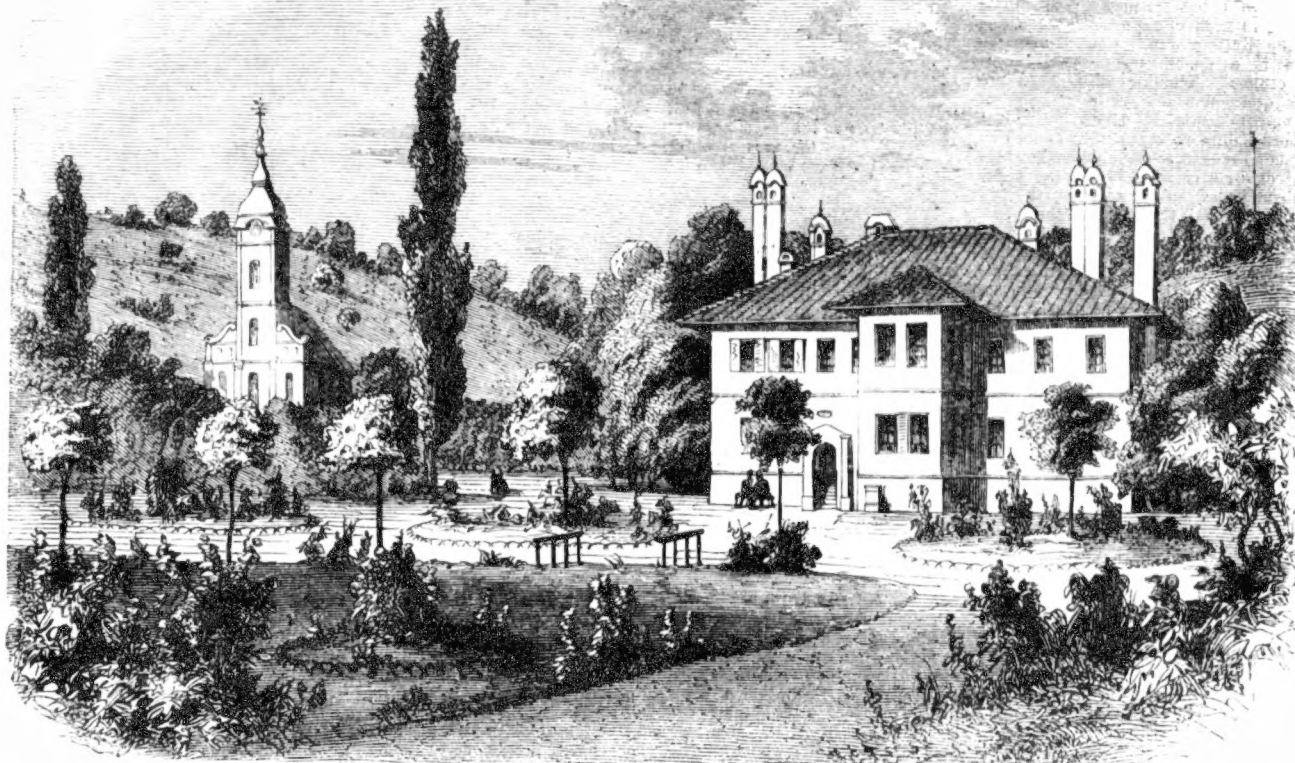
Would that the saint could be accused of nothing worse than perpetrating blunders and balderdash alone. Absurd as the examples above quoted prove St. Valentine to be, I grieve to say that they are the emanations of his calmest moments; and that, generally speaking, he is a morbid, remorseless savage—an idiot in delirium. He perverts his ancient mission, and makes it a medium for reviling and scoffing at honest men and women, and especially those whom it has pleased Providence to send into the world with humped-backs, large noses, or an oblique eye. Nibbling his wicked pen, and armed with his abominable daubing-brush, he runs "a muck" at virtue and decency, sparing neither age nor condition! Instead of Cupids and love-darts, innocent and absurd, St. Valentine the modern delights in horned demons with pitchforks! Instead of tender hearts grilling before hymeneal fires, he flays folk alive on satanic gridirons! Imagine the effect on the nerves of a worthy old spinster upon receiving a frightful picture of this kind, accompanied by the following legend:—  
"Old maids, all honest people tell, Hereafter are mated to imps in—  
To say the least, this must be true Of ugly witches such as you.  
I wonder if the imp who's fated With such a beauty to be mated, Ever will the shock recover, When your sweet form he'll first discover."

I can't conceive for whom St. Valentine could have concocted the above abomination, unless it be for the use of murderous-disposed nephews, hungering for the realisation of their maiden aunts' wills.

And then St. Valentine's jocularity! Behold with what fine sarcasm he handles poverty! First he depicts a miserable, hungry-looking individual, under which he inscribes the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"With your brushed-up old hat, which a Jew wouldn't buy;  
With your threadbare old coat, well acquainted with dye;  
With the cracks in your boots, hid by blacking your stocking:  
You're a sight at which all little boys will be mocking!"

No, no! such conduct is only to be expected from grown-up ruf-



THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF PRINCE MILOSH, HOSPODAR OF SERBIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. VON QUITEOW.)



COLONEL WILLIAM NICOL BURNS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES OLENCAIRN BURNS.

THE SONS OF BURNS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. BANNISTER, CARLISLE.)

fians. No little boy makes fun of a poor fellow's "brushed-up old hat," or the cracks in his boots, hid—poor decent wretch!—by blacking the stocking.

But the saint in his brutal hours—and they are nearly all brutal now—hits sickness quite as hard as poverty. He paints a man dying of consumption. He portrays him pale, hollow-eyed, with terrible angularities visible through his flowing garments; and then the saint proceeds to indite the following epigram on the invalid:—

"Your eyes are sunk so deep one cannot find 'em;  
As you walk along, your bones you grind 'em;

Your coat so from your body stands asunder, That all your children might take shelter under.

Our parish pump has stopped its flow of water:

Just get inside, and tell us what's the matter! Bones at this season fetch a tidy price—

Sell yours and buy a coffin's my advice!"

Is not that funny? especially that bit about the sick man's children! But the last two lines are rather obscure.

Having shocked the consumptive patient into the grave, one would think his kindred might be permitted to go unmolested. Quite a mistake.

Having seen the husband to the churchyard, St. Valentine makes hideous mouths at the widow. Taking her portrait while her cheeks are wet and her weeds green, he dashes off these brilliant lines, and forwards the entire production to her residence:—

"Your skill is much to be admired In keeping up a show of grief; Of your late spouse you must have tired,

And thought his death a kind relief.

So, pretty widow, dry your tears; Your weeds announce you are to let;

Just bait your hook with winks and leers— You'll net another husband yet."

St. Valentine has some capital recipes for setting jealous husbands at loggerheads with their proper wives. Here is one to be sent to a man whose occupation calls him out of nights:—

"There was a little man, and he had a little wife,  
Whom he told to go to bed; For that he must go to work; but the wicked little Turk

She went for a walk instead. If one night he should come home, to his wife Joan,

A nice kettle of fish it would make; For then he would discover, she'd mistook him for another—

I wonder how he'd swallow the mistake!"

Here is another of the same school, showing a picture of a black-haired papa rocking a fiery-haired baby to sleep, while printed beneath is the following innocent little poem:—

"How very singular it is That Pa's and little baby's phiz Should be so little like!

Pa's hair is black, mamma's is brown, There's none more red than babe's in town.

Pray did it never strike Papa to ask his wife about That gent who calls when he is out?"

Of course, if "Papa" is a sensible man, he lights a pipe of Virginia with the foul slander. But all papas are not sensible. There are some who are sufficiently weak to take the libel to heart, and to make a cupboard skeleton of it.

But I dare not publish all I know of St. Valentine and his ways. Perhaps I have already given too many and too broad examples of his absurdity, his cruelty, and his indecency; of which, however, I have some proofs more brutal even than the worst of those which offer themselves in shop-windows. Alas for the shopkeepers! Alas for the generation which can tolerate such exhibitions and such shopkeepers! Alas for that wretched old St. Valentine! I suggest that the sooner he is knocked on the head, shrouded in Lord Campbell's act for the suppression of questionable literature, and consigned to his grave, the better.

J. W. G.



## THE FORTRESS OF BELGRADE.

THE Fortress of Belgrade, which recent events in Serbia have called into notice, is not a position of strength. The works have not been constructed on any systematic principle, but raised just as the accidental form of the steep rocky foundations suggested convenient sites. On the inland side, it is defended by four high towers; but on the side next the river it is accessible. The oldest fortifications are those built on the rock; all stand much in need of repair. The glacis is crescent-shaped, and is called the Kalamachtan. Commanding the Danube and the Save, there is a double parapet wall, with embrasures well-planted with cannon. Whether these guns are in a condition to be fired, is a question which the commander of the fortress would probably find difficulty in answering. The course of the late revolution afforded him no opportunity of making the experiment, and a pacha is not the man to trouble himself about such trifles, except in a case of extreme emergency. On the upper plateau, which commands a splendid view of the city and the two rivers, there is a mosque, and facing it stands the konak of the pacha. Even here stray dogs and miserable-looking cows are suffered to wander about at pleasure. Instead of Oriental splendour, heaps of rubbish and offal meet the eye at every turn. That a pacha with three tails should be content with such a dwelling-place as this konak, is an enigma which can only be understood by those whose notions of Turkish domestic life have been acquired in Turkey itself.

A better state of things is observable in the lower part of the fortress. The descent of a numerous flight of steps leads to the barracks, facing which there is a mosque and a small bazaar for the soldiers. The other buildings are used as extra barracks, magazines, and laboratories. Most of these erections date from the period when Austria possessed the fortress of Belgrade. They are solidly built, and for that reason repairs are neglected. The principal range of barracks are not deficient in order and cleanliness. Over the entrance are inscribed some sentences from the Koran on a blue ground. On the inside of the walls are hung arms, musical instruments, and the soldiers' cooking utensils. The food of the soldiers is good and abundant. On the tongue of land, at the junction of the Save and Danube, stands the old ruined gate of what was once the Turkish state prison.

We may add here that Prince Milosch and his son Michael, whom the Serbian people take a peculiar delight in designating as his heir, have made their solemn entry into Belgrade. Neither the Senate nor the Ministers, whom the Skupstchina, it will be recollected, deposed, were present. Wutsich, Milosch's great and often victorious adversary, has been imprisoned. One of our engravings represents the country house of Prince Milosch.

## THE SONS OF BURNS.

On the preceding page we engrave the portraits of Burns's two surviving sons, James Glencairn and William Nicol. They have both served in the army of the East India Company, in which the former has attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the latter that of Colonel. Both these gentlemen have well sustained the honour of their parentage, a fact which largely contributes to the attention they everywhere command. Our portraits are from photographs taken at Carlisle while the brothers were on their return from the Glasgow banquet, and the other at Dumfries.

THE DAMAGE DONE AT THE FIRE AT NOTTINGHAM, last week, is estimated at from £30,000 to £35,000. There was a fire at a draper's in Margate last week, occasioning a loss of £2,000.

THE OWNERS OF THE DONALD MACKAY (Messrs. Baines and Co.) have been fined for serving bad provisions to the passengers, and for having taken hides on board, she being a passenger ship.

ONE OF SEVERAL LARGE HOUSES in course of erection in Richmond Road, Hackney, fell on Saturday. Four or five men were at work on the roof at the time; one of them was killed, and three others seriously injured.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH MALTA is re-established.

PROPERTY AND INCOME-TAX.—In the counties of England and Wales, the gross amount of property assessed to the Income-tax, under schedules B and D, for the year ended 5th of April, 1857, was (B) £38,726,869, and (D) £17,845,658. In Scotland (the counties), the amount was (B) £5,809,932, and (D) £2,316,169. In Ireland, it was (B) £2,497,751, and (D) £1,321,627. The gross total amount, throughout all the counties of the United Kingdom was £47,034,532 under schedule B, and £21,483,434 under schedule D. In the cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom, the gross total amount assessed to the tax was £2,666,546 under schedule B, and £67,715,496 under D; making a grand total for both counties and boroughs throughout the whole kingdom, of £49,701,098 under schedule B, and £89,198,905 under schedule D.

CHARTIST MEETING AT THE GUILDHALL.—A rather remarkable demonstration took place at the Guildhall, City, on Saturday afternoon; it was got up by Mr. Ernest Jones, and therefore inspired by the old Chartist feeling. The Chartist leader had secured a sufficient number of signatures to induce the Lord Mayor to call the meeting and to preside over its deliberations. The great hall was well filled, and many were present, both on the platform and in the body of the building, who had gone there to watch the attitude of the people on this question. The resolution that was passed demanded a greater extension of the suffrage than any measure of which we have yet heard, and there were not a few declarations against Mr. Bright for taking his stand upon a rate-paying franchise.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.—As the mail steamer Patrick was leaving Fleetwood for Belfast on Monday night, she came in collision with the iron schooner Elfin, from Androssan to Liverpool with pig iron. The schooner sunk, and the captain, his wife and child, and two hands were drowned, the mate and two hands saved. The steamer had to put back much damaged.—The Dutch ship D'Elmina, Captain Teegs, from Batavia for Amsterdam came in collision with a Spanish barque, off Beachy Head, on Saturday. The latter lost her bowsprit and foretop-mast; her bow was stove in, and she received other damage. The crew of the Spanish barque jumped on board the Dutch ship, and were landed at Portsmouth.

EXTENSIVE FORGERY.—Within the last few days important forgeries of leases granted by the city companies have been brought to light. The perpetrator, Mr. James Pursell, formerly connected with a well-known firm of confectioners, has succeeded in raising money upon the spurious documents to the amount of £30,000. He has decamped. Prompt measures to secure his property have been adopted.

SUPPOSED MURDER AT HAMMERSMITH.—On Saturday morning a gentleman was found murdered near the West Middlesex Company's Water Works, at Hammersmith; the head nearly severed from the body. The body bore other marks of violence. The deceased had no coat or hat upon him; his pockets were empty, and there was nothing to give a clue to identity. The body is that of a man of forty-five, short in stature, and well clad.

THE EPIDEMIC DIPHTHERIA.—The "Lancet" contains a report "On Diphtheria," by the sanitary commission of that journal, which traces the first origin of this disease to a period long antecedent to Hippocrates, and nearly contemporary with Homer, it being then known as the "Malum Egyptianum." It refers to similar epidemics in Rome, A.D. 380; in Holland, 1337; in Spain, 1600; in Naples, 1619, when, out of a small population, it carried off 5,000 persons. Diphtheria, it would appear, ravaged New York in 1771 and 1813. The death of Washington and the Empress Josephine are attributed to it. From the careful study of the French epidemics since that of Tours, in 1824, diphtheria would appear to have traversed nearly all the departments, passing from the south littoral districts towards the centre. The epidemics which appear most closely to resemble those which have occurred in this country, are those of Paris and of Boulogne, in 1855. The "Lancet" states that 966 deaths occurred from this cause in the city, 341 of those who were carried off being under ten years of age, and that the English were the greatest sufferers. Both in England and in France, diphtheria has shown itself regardless of meteorological, climatic, or cosmic influences, and careless of the limitations of heat, cold, dryness, and moisture. Its course has been from the south-eastern counties towards the centre of the country, and thence towards the north. Its violence appears to be greatly aggravated by domestic uncleanness, certain predisposing individual conditions, and want of hygienic arrangements. Diphtheria is stated to be eminently contagious; so that the first precaution taken should be the complete isolation of the patient attacked. It is feared that this precaution has been greatly overlooked, and hence, partly, the frequency with which diphtheria has spread from one member of a family to another until all have fallen.

## LAW AND CRIME.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, well worthy of note by Liberals, that the greatest and most sweeping of our recent legal reforms have been effected under Tory administrations. The Common Law Procedure Act and the Bills of Exchange Act, both passed under Lord Derby's rule, have saved incalculable thousands to the mercantile community. The latter has even added to the value of the bill of exchange as a commercial security. And now that Parliament has again met, the chief element of the Speech from the Throne has been that of practical legal reform, precisely where most needed. We are promised a revision of the law of debtor and creditor, a fusion of the hitherto absurdly-separated functions of the authorities in bankruptcy and insolvency, and even improvement in the law with respect to criminals. And the promise appears to be no idle trap for popular applause, inasmuch as Parliament has scarcely sat three days before the work is commenced in earnest. The Lord Chancellor has already laid before the Peers a proposition for amending the law of debtor and creditor. It is proposed to abolish imprisonment for debt, except in cases of apprehended absconding of the debtor, of debts fraudulently incurred, of vexatious defences to actions, and of certain personal wrongs, as assault, for which remedy may be sought at law. The courts of bankruptcy and insolvency are to be consolidated. The legal distinction between the manner of dealing with "trader" and "non-trader" debtors is to be advantageously modified. Increased facilities are to be afforded for arrangement by means of deed between debtors and creditors. That dreadful commercial incubus, the broker, is to be abolished so far as regards insolvency. Finally, and after enunciation of some of the most pressing reforms, a general revision is promised of the law of debtor and creditor. The bill brought in by the Lord Chancellor was read a first time.

The Court of Exchequer has been for some days occupied in trying a case of the character now usually tried in the Divorce Court, and unfolding curious revelations of matrimonial life in the middle class. An action was brought to recover £78 18s. 6d. from a Mr. Hakewell, for necessities supplied to his wife, from whom he was living apart. The wife was called, and admitted the supply of the articles. She stated that at the time of such supply she was almost dying from starvation. She had not lived with her husband since 1851. He then kept three establishments, with men servants, and a carriage and pair. She left her husband at first temporarily upon some disagreement, but returned to him. He received her unkindly, and told his brother to turn her out. His brother assaulted and illused her. She obtained a decree against him for restitution of conjugal rights. He was twice cited for disobeying the order of the Court, and she to get a livelihood gave concerts at Exeter Hall. Her husband then joined with certain members of the family, who considered her labours derogatory to their dignity, to place her in a lunatic asylum, whence she escaped. She had been deprived of her children. Her husband put up an iron-cased door at her residence to prevent her exit. Her evidence was given with a calmness and coherence inconsistent at least with the imputation of present lunacy. On the other side, for the defence, her husband testified that he never kept a pair of horses but once in his life. That on her return, as mentioned by her, she occupied herself by squeezing his mother between a door and the wall, until the old lady's screams broke the interference of himself and his brother, whose head Mrs. Hakewell endeavoured to dash through a window. That he had offered to make her an allowance, and had done so until he was dismissed from the suit for restitution. That there was no iron door, as mentioned by her, and that he had been subject to personal violence from her, and had had her in consequence bound over to keep the peace. That she had removed two of his children, whom he had subsequently discovered, in a frightful state of want and neglect at a hotel in Lambeth. That he had sent her money for her relief, but had had it returned to him, as she could not be found. After a long investigation, the jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

We have already, lately, had occasion to refer to the continual assaults by drunken soldiers using their belts as weapons of offence against inoffensive persons, ordinarily females. This week, Daniel Vizard, of the 1st Scots Fusiliers, went into a tavern, knocked down a woman quietly standing at the bar with her husband, and then, taking off his belt, cut another female therewith across the face. He was then taken before the Lord Mayor, who remarked, "We have had several cases of the kind here lately. I suppose it will go on until some one is killed, and then there will be a general order against it, as there was formerly against soldiers wearing side-arms." The prisoner was then fined 10s. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner's sergeant, who was present, to convey to the commanding officers a recommendation not to allow soldiers to wear their belts when off duty. The sergeant replied that by a new regulation, a soldier striking a civilian with his belt shall lose the privilege of wearing it off duty for five years. The idea of preventing the suffering of the assaulted civilian by an order simply discontinuing the possibility of these brutal attacks, does not appear to have yet occurred to the military mind. The consequence is, that before the wearing of these belts is to be universally abolished by our heroes off duty—even for five years—every private in the army must have assaulted a victim. However, at the present rate, even this will perhaps not take long; and we may shortly expect to see the exceptional soldier allowed to wear a belt pointed at by his comrades as a milkop.

At the Central Criminal Court, two fellows were last week tried for burglary and for wounding a policeman, who attempted to arrest them in the fact. The circumstances occurred at the residence of a lady in Devonshire Place, Victoria Park. It appeared that the policeman, Alfred Evershed, saw a light in the house mentioned, at an unreasonable hour of the night, and went to the back of the premises. He found the back door open, and entered the house, in which he found the two prisoners, one dressed as a midshipman. He knocked one down, but the other attacked him with a crowbar, and wounded him so severely that the officer was forced to allow them to escape. They were subsequently taken, and, on their trial, as above-mentioned, Evershed, still suffering from the assault upon him, identified both prisoners. The sentence of death was recorded against them, with an intimation from the judge that it would be commuted to ten years' penal servitude. His lordship, Baron Watson, ordered a reward of £20 to the policeman for the courage he displayed on the occasion.

Thomas Birchmore, lately the highly-respectable relieving officer of St. Pancras, was last week tried for embezzlement of the parochial funds. The first two charges against him broke down utterly, for the sufficient reason that he had actually accounted for the identical sums which the enlightened parochial authorities had indicted him for embezzling. Should the authorities attempt to charge the costs of these abortive indictments upon the rates, as is not improbable, it is to be hoped that some spirited parishioner will give notice of objection on the audit; a simple proceeding, which will cause the enlightened authorities much dismay. A third indictment was successful, and Birchmore, convicted of embezzling three distinct sums was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The Recorder stated that the sentence would have been heavier but for the interposition of the jury, who recommended the prisoner to mercy on account of the lax way in which the parish had kept its own accounts.

A LAD not yet seventeen, was committed for trial at Lewes, last week, for having taken two wives!

THE LAW OF JURIES.—Lord Campbell has presented his bill to the Lords respecting the changes he proposes to make in the law of juries. It has no reference to criminal cases, only to civil. In any civil cause, according to this bill, "the jury would be furnished with fitting accommodation and necessary refreshment when they retire to consider their verdict, and they would not be kept in deliberation for more than six hours." At the end of this period a verdict found by nine of their number could be taken by the Court; and if nine had not agreed, the jury would then be discharged. A trial which ended in that way would be called "abortive," and could be tried again.

## POLICE.

A CABMAN MISTAKING HIS REMEDY.—William Roberts, a Quaker, was placed at the bar before Mr. Corrie, charged with stealing a thermometer from a dwelling-house.

It appeared that on Saturday morning last, the prisoner drove a coach home to the house in College Street, and when there the man, who was drunk, refused to pay 5s., the fare.

Mrs. Sherwood, who said the thermometer was the property of her father-in-law, a Mr. Hack, who is in Australia, saw the thermometer safe in the passage when the prisoner entered, and when he went away it was gone. The matter was placed in the hands of a police-constable, who, after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in apprehending the prisoner and finding the thermometer.

The prisoner said he was guilty, but the fellow whom he took home would not pay him his fare.

Mr. Corrie said it was a case for severe punishment. The prisoner was trusted in the passage of the house because he held an official position as a cabman. He should send him to the House of Correction for hard labour for six calendar months.

PROSECUTION UNDER THE TRUSTEE ACT.—John Deffer, 61, was charged before Mr. Hammill, under the Trustee Act, with having embezzled money of the Royal United Friends' Society.

Mr. Cornelius Way, stated that he was one of the trustees of the society mentioned. The prisoner, up to within a very recent period, had been landlord of the house in which the society met, and was elected treasurer. On the 27th of December last witness applied for £50 handed over to him on the 11th of November previous. Prisoner replied to the demand, admitting that it was not convenient then to attend to the matter, but he would do so on the following Thursday, or Saturday at the latest. The delay was granted, and at the appointed time prisoner, when reminded of his promise, coolly answered, "I have paid it away." £57 was due in all.

In answer to the charge the prisoner said: "I did not make away with the money, or use it with a guilty intention. I thought my brother, who had obliged me with supplies of cash on former occasions, would do so on this, but he refused."

Mr. Beard said that, as the prisoner's advocate, he felt it his duty to confer with the attorney for the prosecution, and would for that purpose request a remand.

This course was acceded to, and, the prisoner was refused bail.

Shortly after the parties had retired, several gentlemen connected with other societies held in the same house came forward to prefer similar charges against the prisoner.

Mr. Hammill referred them to the day of remand.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—William Powis Amis was charged with embezzlement under the following peculiar circumstances:—

Mr. Bew, of the firm of Sanderson and Bew, of Wood Street, said the prisoner was occasionally employed to post up the books; but on Friday week last he absconded with various amounts received from several of the customers.

Prisoner had been apprehended in Kent, on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery of £10 in silver. There was found on him £9 in gold and £9 in silver, which confirmed these suspicions, but subsequent inquiry proved them unfounded.

The detective officer said the prisoner admitted he had taken £25, and spent most of it in "claret and cigars."

Prisoner, who treated the charge with so much levity as to induce the belief that he was of weak intellect, was remanded.

OMISSION IN THE DIVORCE ACT.—Charlotte Antrim, a married woman, obtained an order from Mr. Burcham, under the Divorce Act, for the protection of her property, she having been deserted by her husband. This order was registered in the Southwark County Court, according to the act, on the 6th ult.; but on the 17th, the husband attended before Mr. Burcham on a summons against his wife, to show cause why the order so obtained should not be discharged, it being shown, on her own admission, that she was living with another man. Mr. Burcham discharged the wife's order, and sent the discharge to the County Court for registration.

Mr. Ransom, of the Southwark County Court, attended before Mr. Burcham to draw his attention to an important omission in the act of Parliament, which rendered the discharge order inoperative. Although the act provided for the registration of the order, there was no provision for any entry to be made in regard to an order discharging an order for protection. He (Mr. Ransom) considered it his duty to mention the subject to his Worship, in order that the omission might be publicly made known; for as the act stood now the discharging order was useless.

He therefore considered that the clause in the act of Parliament should be altered, so that a copy of a discharge order could be registered and a copy forwarded to the Registrar of County Court Judgments, to be filed with the protection order granted to the wife. Under the present circumstances he considered the discharge order useless.

Mr. Burcham had no doubt some member of the legislature would take the matter up.

DECREASE OF PAUPERISM.—At the close of the year 1858, the diminution of the total number of persons receiving relief, as compared to the end of 1857, was 78,912, or 8.12 per cent.; while it was in the first week of October only 2,471, or 0.31 per cent. The number of the poor, which had augmented considerably in the early part of 1858, declined considerably, relative to 1857, in the latter months of the year. This is of some importance relative to the complaints now so rife of destitution in the metropolis. The number of persons who received in-door and out-door relief in the metropolis in the last week of 1858 was 6,046, or 5.93 per cent. less than in the last week of December, 1857. In the north-western division, including only Cheshire and Lancashire, in which, in the early part of 1858, the increase of pauperism was very great, the diminution at its close was 38,382, or 29.61 per cent. In the North Midland district—Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, and Derby—the decrease of paupers at the end of 1858 was 10,265, or 17.03 per cent., and in York it was 9,340, or 13.65 per cent.; while in the northern district—Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland—the decrease at the end of 1858 was only 0.61 per cent.; in the south-eastern district—Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—it was only 2.92 per cent.; and in the south-western—Wiltshire, Dorset, &c.—it was only 2.72 per cent.

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE all-absorbing topic of discussion, this week, has been the speech of the Emperor of the French on the re-assembling of the Legislature. Although some of the jobbers have regarded it in an unfavourable light, the general tone of the market for home securities has exhibited rather more firmness when compared with the previous week. However, the business done in it has been far from extensive. Consols, for money, have been done at 95½, and 95 to 95½. The reduced, and the new 3 per Cents, 95½ to 96. India Debentures, 98½. London, 24s. to 26s. prem.; Exchequer Bills, 34s. to 37s. prem. It is presumed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will issue two million additional Exchequer Bills to meet deficiencies during the current quarter.

The Consular exchanges have exhibited very few fluctuations. Those at hand from India and China are rather more favourable, yet they leave a large margin of profit on shipments of silver from this country.

The Austrian Loan is what may be termed a failure. The lists closed yesterday; but the amount of subscription is small, and chiefly on account of parties immediately connected with Austrian commerce.

The money market continues to be heavily supplied with money, and the inquiry for discount accommodation has fallen off. In Lombard Street, first-class short commercial paper has been taken at 2½ per cent.

The new loan in the United States for £2,000,000 has been readily subscribed for in the foreign home, the 8 per cent. of the new American Loan has been dealt in at 117½ prem. Chilean Scrip has marked 3 to 2½ discount. Turkish securities have shown more firmness, at 70 in the original 6 per Cents. The new 5 per Cents have been 78½ to 79, and the 4 per Cents, 103 ex div. Sardinian 5 per Cents have been 82 and 80.

The dealings in the railway share market have been only moderate. In prices, however, very little change has taken place.

Miscellaneous securities have been somewhat firm in price, although the business done in them has been only moderate.

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Rather limited supplies of English wheat have been on offer in our market this week; nevertheless, all kinds have changed hands slowly, at about previous quotations. Foreign wheat has been much neglected. In prices, however, no change has taken place. Fine malting barley, including medium qualities, have raised 1s. 6d. per cwt. but damp parcels have been much neglected. There has been only a limited business going in malt, at the late decline in value. Although the arrivals have fallen off, oats have changed hands slowly, on former terms. Beans, peas, and flour have ruled about stationary.

BEANS.—DANMARKER. Wheat, Essex and Kent, Red, 38s. to 43s.; ditto, White, 41s. to 50s.; Norfolk and Lincoln, Red, 37s. to 42s.; Rye, 31s. to 34s.; Oatmeal, 24s. to 28s.; Distilling, 25s. to 30s.; Malting, 33s. to 42s.; Malt, 62s. to 68s.; Feed Oats, 22s. to 27s.; Potato, 26s. to 31s.; Tick Beans, 41s. to 44s.; Gray Peas, 39s. to 42s.; Maple, 30s. to 33s.; Rollers, 40s. to 44s. per quarter. Town-made Flour, 38s. to 40s.; Town household, 35s. to 38s.; Country Marks, 28s. to 31s. per 280lbs.

CATTLE.—Only moderate supplies of beasts and sheep have been on sale this week, and the demand for all breeds has ruled steady, at full prices. Calves have moved off freely, at extreme rates, but pigs have continued out in sale. Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 2d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 6d.; pork, 3s. to 4s. 2d. per 8lbs. by the carcass.

TEA.—The public sales held this week have gone off steadily, at very full prices; but there is much activity in the demand by private contract. However, common sound Congou cannot be purchased under 12s. 10d. per lb.

SUGAR.—All kinds of raw sugar have moved off slowly, at the late decline in value. The total stock is 52,000 tons, against about the same quantity last year. It is of 2s. 6d. very inactive, at 92s. 6d. to 94s. per cwt. Crushed sugars are in request, and English qualities are worth 38s. per cwt.



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